Vol. CXXXVIII. No. 1790.

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THE BYSTANDER APRIL 6, 1938.

The BYSTANDER

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GERMANY—*Continued*

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The Bystander

A Penny for Valerie Hobson's Thoughts

Valerie Hobson sings "A Penny for Your Thoughts" in *The Drum*, the new London Films technicolour picture in which she is the only woman. This is far the biggest part of her short life (she 'll be twenty-one next week), and she acts it well. *The Drum* is a big spectacular film, with a North-West Frontier setting that scattered units from Denham to India and Wales, and sent cameramen and technicians up in the Himalayas where no one but soldiers on duty are normally allowed. The story is A. E. W. Mason's, the chief actors are Sabu, Raymond Massey, Roger Livesey and Desmond Tester. Zoltan Korda directed. *The Drum* had its world premiere at the Odeon on Monday

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI was in fine oratorical trim when he addressed the Italian Senate on the military capacity of Italy. The country has got pretty nearly everything necessary for a really capital war except an enemy. Air force, tanks, and submarines, all are ready, and the factories behind the lines are waiting in their hundreds to produce the munitions. In the course of his speech, the Duce dished out a whole series of general warnings, even one or two which might have been aimed at Germany with a suggestion that the Berlin end of the celebrated axis had better not throw its weight about too much.

THE Budget surplus turns out to be the largest for some years. According to one method of arithmetic it is forty millions, and according to another about thirty. But there is still the additional cost of rearmament which is to be paid for out of a loan, and the extra money will have to be found by the taxpayer some time or other. In other words, the surplus looks pretty enough, but is not really quite so pretty as it looks.

AS Budget Day approaches the old hue and cry is raised after tax-dodgers. A most surprising letter comes from Lord Hugh Cecil, the Provost of Eton. So long as the dodger keeps within the strict letter of the law, good luck to him seems to be his Lordship's point of view. But perhaps I have misread his letter.

IN any case, the taxpayers of this country will not be helped by the new race in battleships which was announced this week. Japan, having refused to be bound by the Naval Treaty of 1936, which restricted the size of battleships to 35,000 tons, Britain, America, and France have announced that they, too, will decline to accept this limit. And so the game goes on.

I AM sorry to spend so much time on this gloomy subject of taxes and tax-paying, but at least it is lamentably topical. The Inland Revenue vampires are now stretching their claws out in the direction of the "floor-shows" at Grosvenor House and the Dorchester Hotel. Last July the High Court roped in the London Casino for entertainment tax, and now the two big hotels in Park Lane are to suffer the same fate. The Trocadero, on the other hand, is pretty confident that it will escape, because it does not charge a fixed price for its entertainment as the other three do. In the meanwhile, bottle-parties, by far the most dangerous rivals of the big hotels, continue to escape entertainment tax.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL is back from Paris, where he had been discussing the European front with the French leaders. There has been a certain amount of criticism of his visit in Conservative Back-Bench circles. They say that these unofficial visits of well-known men to foreign capitals embarrass the Government. Mr. Churchill's answer is crushing. "Why should I not go to Paris," he says, "when Lords Londonderry and Lothian go to Berlin?" No one has yet answered that one.

THE Austrian tragedy is being brought home to Londoners in a personal way by the steady influx of refugees. One meets them on all sides and they all bring the same despairing tales. The Archbishop of Canterbury may or may not be right in saying that the union of Austria and Germany has "received the support of the great majority of the Austrian people." What is absolutely certain is that the methods which are being employed by the conquerors are causing a great deal of misery to some of the conquered.

A Film-Mogul and His Wife

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn arrived on the Queen Mary last week with the Hearst young-marrieds (p. 6). The film-mogul, whose "Follies" are running at the Odeon now, was met by his friend and associate Korda. He is vague about his short holiday, says he has come to see three (unnamed) playwrights

A Judge and His Wife

The Hon. Sir Cyril Asquith, who has been appointed a High Court judge in succession to Mr. Justice Porter, is the youngest judge on the King's Bench. Mr. Justice Asquith is seen here leaving his Paddington home with his wife, to be sworn in before the Lord Chief Justice. He was received by the King on Thursday last and knighted

The King and Queen in Shoreditch

Clarissa Street, Shoreditch, was not supposed to know the King and Queen were coming last Tuesday, but that kind of secret gets out. All the new Borough Council flats emptied themselves into the sunny street to welcome the visitors, who had come to see the various new housing centres in Shoreditch, as their Majesties have done already in other parts of London. A penny from each tenant bought the Queen her red, white and blue bouquet which little Frances Neal, aged five and a bit, presented to her

THE outstanding point in the annual report of the Chamber of Shipping, published last week, is the extraordinary growth of Russian shipping. The U.S.S.R. has increased its mercantile marine by 300 per cent. in ten years. Furthermore, the Soviet insists on the right, and is permitted to get away with it, of carrying in its own ships the whole of Britain's exports to Russia and half of Russia's exports to Britain. This seems odd to me, and, as it also seems odd to the Chamber of Shipping, I am in unusually swagger company.

IS trade booming? Or is it recessing (what a ghastly word!)? His Lordship of Beaverbrook is confident that it is on the up-grade. Some of the West End tradesmen, on the other hand, would gladly engage a brass-band to welcome the entry of a customer if they thought there was any chance that the services of the band might be called upon. Probably the truth is with both theories. The armaments campaign is stimulating heavy industry, while the combination of stock-market stagnation, fear of the Budget, and fantastic sunshine, is keeping the folks out of the luxury-shops.

THE City of London Conservative Association is running true to its very peculiar form. Somehow or other, one would have thought that the financial centre of the world would have jumped at the idea of being represented in Parliament by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Tory, or Tory-National, Government. But the City will have none of it, if the Chancellor is even vaguely Liberal in his antecedents. It refused to have Mr. Reginald McKenna when Mr. Baldwin wanted to make him Chancellor, and now it has rejected Sir John Simon for the amiable but comparatively undistinguished Sir George Broadbridge.

I HAVE now attended my first lecture in Air-Raid Wardenship, and am enchanted to learn that a "persistent gas, with a bitter-sweet tang and a dirty-brownish appearance" is called, scientifically, B.B.C.

THE architects for the National Theatre have been selected, and they are to be Sir Edwin Lutyens and Mr. Cecil Masey. When the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre was to be built some years ago, there was an architectural competition for the best design, and many people thought that the same procedure would be adopted for the National Theatre in South Kensington. Few people, however, will quarrel with the Committee's decision. Sir Edwin Lutyens has already done much for London (although I rather fancy that this will be his first theatre), and Mr. Masey designed the Phœnix Theatre. So far, Sir Edwin has not said very much about his intentions, except for the characteristic suggestion that the safety curtain might be an enormous mirror for the audience to admire itself in.

I WENT the other evening to see Mr. Merton Hodge's new play, *The Island*. Speaking as a hero of last Armageddon, I could not but reflect how strangely manners have altered in the Army since our day. We were only temporary gentlemen, but how seldom did we strike senior officers in the mess. And with what unfailing courtesy did we remove our hats in ladies' drawing-rooms.

MR. PAUL ROBESON is to make a spirited riposte, and not a moment too soon, against the monstrous regiment of white warblers who think they can sing negro spirituals. But I cannot help feeling sorry that he has chosen my unhappy country as the medium for his riposte. Mr. Robeson is a superb artist, but I wish he was not going to sing Hebridean songs, in Gaelic.

THE athletic boys are having a bit of a dispute about diet for training. Mr. Nokes, who threw the hammer in his day a lot farther than his neighbour, is excited beyond measure by the fact that a lad at his school finished seventh out of forty-six in a long-distance race after a luncheon of Irish stew, boiled potatoes, suet pudding and golden syrup. "Pooh!" cries Mr. Evelyn Montague, who used to run three miles more quickly than most, "When I was a lad I ate a luncheon of Irish stew (two helpings), boiled potatoes (two helpings), suet pudding (two helpings) and golden syrup (two helpings), and I then ran in a twelve-mile race. And did I finish seventh? No, sir; I won." So you may take your choice. For myself, I am fond of Irish stew, but I dislike suet and syrup and long-distance races, so my opinion is of little value.

MR. BEVERLEY NICHOLS is very cross indeed in his new book. He has taken off the gardening gloves and attacked a whole lot of current ideas and customs with a vigour that is quite surprising. His only loud pæan of praise is reserved for Sir Oswald Mosley. It is all very odd and bewildering.

MARCH kept it up to the very end and handed the baton, so to speak, so smartly to its successor in the meteorological race that April got off to a flying start. Even farmers are pleased with the sunshine.

Round the Restaurants

The "Bystander" monthly Going-Out Guide—"Dinner, Dance, and Cabaret"—is on pp. G—J before the Frontispiece

Manners and Modes of the Spring at the School on the Hill

Harrow School sports were the occasion of these pictures, this streamlined figure belonging to R. H. Paul, who won the West Acre House mile from N. C. Fraser

There is no sack race at Harrow, nor any forfeits for losing; he was just too lazy to get up to put his bags on

A long-distance camera played havoc with focus to produce this torso mystery of a freckled face behind suède shoes

Baron

Yehudi Menuhin and His Violin

Yehudi Menuhin is on tour in England. He arrived in London in February, gave a recital on March 20th and another last Thursday with his pianist sister, Hephzibah. He returns to the capital for his last English appearance this season on May 9th. There is no doubt that this youth, born twenty-one years ago in New York of a Russian-Jewish father and a Tartar mother, is the musical phenomenon of the age. His retirement in California has changed the prodigy into the master. His violin is the one that Prince Khevinhueller ordered for his musical wife from Stradivarius. Menuhin subjugates this noble instrument, becomes one with it. He changes his shirt three times, his jacket twice, during a recital. He is also an amateur cook

Social Register

A WEDDING

Flight-Lieut. Michael Dawnay and Miss Julian Brassey

Michael Dawnay, youngest son of the late Major the Hon. Hugh Dawnay and Lady Susan Dawnay, and Julian Brassey, adopted daughter of Lord Brassey and Lady Violet Brassey, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, and have gone to the Riviera for their honeymoon. Captain David Dawnay was best man to his brother. The child attendants were Blanche and Rachel Dawnay, Iona Gordon, Sarah Henderson, Sara Gordon-Lennox, Davina Cecil, Idina Peacock, David Brassey, Lionel Stopford Sackville and James Henderson

TWO CHRISTENINGS

Francis Pascoe John Grenfell

Captain the Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Grenfell's son and heir was christened at Lambeth Palace Chapel by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Captain Grenfell, who is in the 10th Hussars, is Lord Grenfell's brother. He and his wife (who was Eleanor James) were married in 1933 and have a daughter of three

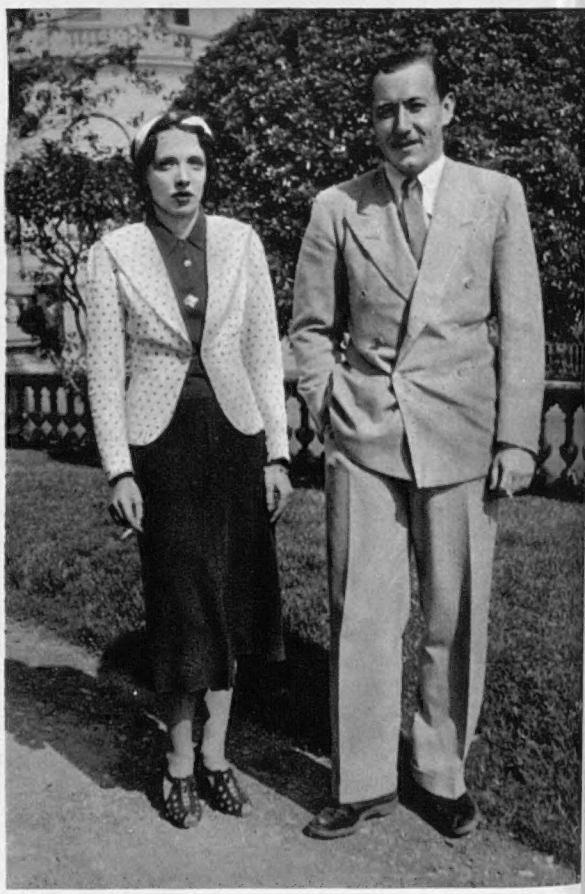
YOUNG-MARRIEDS ABROAD

Mr. and Mrs. Mercer-Nairne

George Mercer-Nairne, only son of the late Lord Charles Mercer-Nairne and Lady Violet Astor, and cousin of the Marquess of Lansdowne, married Barbara Chase, of Santa Barbara, California, in March, and they are now on honeymoon

Mr. and Mrs. David Hearst

William Randolph Hearst's youngest son and his wife came over to London and Paris for their honeymoon trip. Mrs. Hearst was Hope Chandler, a show-girl at the Paradise in New York, and is seventeen. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., fellow-traveller on the Queen Mary, called her the most beautiful girl he had ever seen



Mr. and Mrs. George Wills

The George Wills have been staying with her mother, Mrs. Percy Hare, at Villa mes Délices at Mentone, and had motored over to Monte Carlo. They were married in 1935. George Wills is Sir Ernest Wills' younger son

Sarah Beatrix Primrose Cadogan

Earl and Countess Cadogan's daughter was christened at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, in a robe made from the train of her mother's wedding-dress. Her parents were married in 1936; her brother, little Viscount Chelsea, is just a year old

Mrs. Joseph Kennedy and Lady Violet Astor

The American Ambassador's good-looking wife had a welcome lunch given for her by her indefatigable countrywomen in London who belong to the American Women's Club of which she is the new honorary president. Lady Violet Astor herself returned lately from America, where her son was married

Jane Haydon

Lady Robert Crichton-Stewart

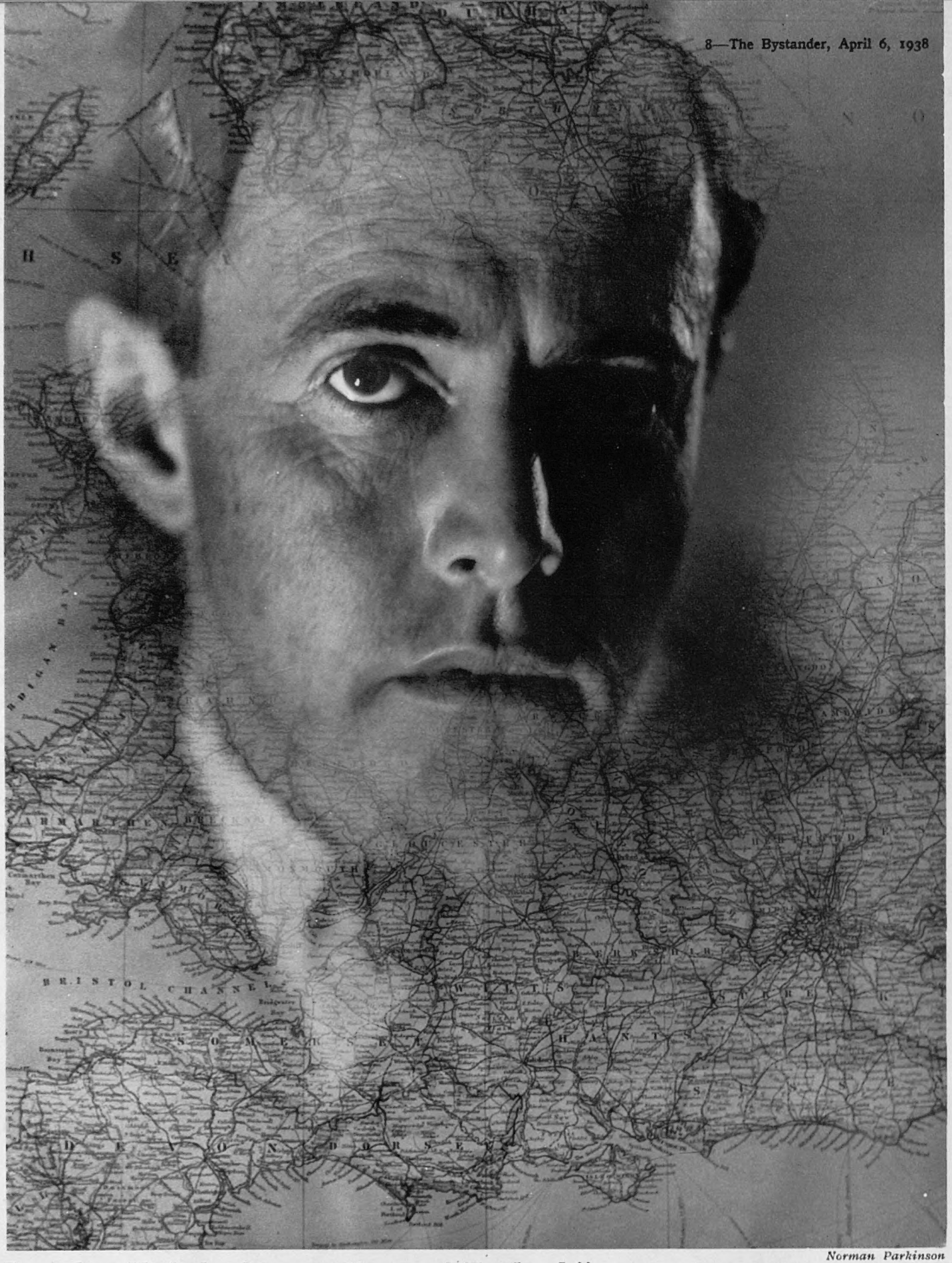
Right: Lady Robert Crichton-Stewart, who was Lady Janet Montgomerie before her marriage to Lord Bute's second son four years ago, lives in Southwick Place. She has her drawing-room there done with ivory walls, pale rose moiré covers on chairs and sofas, and ice-blue moiré curtains

ATTACK ON THE ACADEMY

Viscountess Strathallan and Her Pictures

Lady Strathallan arrived at Burlington House on sending-in day for the Academy with three of her pictures. She is the American wife of Lord Perth's only son, was Nancy Fincke, of New York, before her marriage in 1934

Right: Margaret Bickersteth and Gloria Congreve, having been through the debutantes' mill themselves three years ago, now turn that experience to good account by arranging flowers for other people's dances — and the weddings that sometimes follow



Norman Parkinson

Beverley Nichols Gives "News of England"

Beverley Nichols, having given us his views on war (*Cry Havoc*), religion (*The Fool Hath Said*), country life (in three volumes), foreign travel (*Who's Who* says he "has visited and candidly commented upon most of the countries of the world"), has now turned his attention to the land of his birth. *News of England*, published on April 1st, sub-titled "A Country Without a Hero," is described by the publishers as a "study in national decadence." The author expresses his distress at our back-sliding under a number of chapter-headings—unemployment, the distressed areas, the Church, A.R.P., gambling, and drink, civil aviation, Communism. But his gloom is not unalloyed; the ballet, the B.B.C., dress-making, new scientific methods for the detection of crime are aspects of English life of which he has hopeful news to give. And there is a chapter on Sir Oswald Mosley, in whose theories and practice Mr. Nichols sees considerable merit

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 65.

John Dulanty

MR. JOHN DULANTY, High Commissioner for Eire, and a central figure in the Irish politico-diplomatic activities between London and Dublin—not to mention the trade and social affairs in which he takes a hand—is not a simple figure for description. Born of a Tipperary father and a Limerick mother, he is wholly Celt and not without pride in his peasant blood. Though his early years gave him a varied knowledge of the Irish scene, he later saw English life from many viewpoints. He agrees with the theory that variety is the spice of life and so, after getting a scholarship to the Manchester High School of Commerce, he studied law at the University of Manchester. A perfervid Nationalist for Ireland, he became an understanding Educational Adviser to Indian Students in the northern Universities of England. The big and important Faculty of Technology in his own University had meantime claimed him as Secretary. Later the magnet of London drew the young Irishman to Whitehall, where he became an Examiner in the Board of Education.

When war broke out he joined up to go to France, but found himself later shunted to the Ministry of Munitions, where he rose to be Principal Assistant Secretary and later a leading light in the Treasury. The war over, he was offered all kinds of jobs—in the whisky trade and in the iron and steel business, for example. Out of all the offers he accepted the managing directorship and deputy-chairmanship of a big firm of retail distributors, because of their advanced scheme of genuine profit-sharing with the workers. Here he proved a great success, particularly in the building up of the mail-order business. You might have thought that this would have settled him for life. But not a bit of it. The Free State Government asked him to become their Commissioner of Trade, which invitation he promptly accepted, though it involved financial sacrifice. Doubtless he saw that this would lead to his becoming the High Commissioner for his own country—a job that he would far sooner have than any other post in politics or diplomacy. Sure enough in 1930 he became the Ambassador—because that is what a High Commissioner is—for his people in London. In the last eight years his job has been an onerous one. Mr. De Valera's attitude towards Great Britain has not exactly fostered trade relations. Perhaps the next fortnight will see a turn of the wheel. At least, though, Mr. Dulanty was responsible for the Coal and Cattle Pact, which was a boon to both countries.

MR. DULANTY, widely read, interesting on poultry or poetry, would always sooner talk produce than politics, and he finds that in trade there are no political prejudices providing the goods are sound and the price is right. As a good Irishman he smokes Sweet Afton cigarettes and Kevin's Irish Mixture. No ascetic, he likes Irish whisky and Guinness, spends his holidays in Connemara, and every stitch of clothing he wears, from his stiff collar to his shoes, is made in Ireland. Every week he has a regular supply of Irish butter, Irish eggs, and Irish bacon, because he says they are the best. His doctor is an Irishman. It is only with racehorses that he draws the line. He does not necessarily select Irish animals to catch the judge's eye. At that, he always rides Irish horses, riding being for him, as for most Irishmen, an all-absorbing hobby.

THE High Commissioner has a pleasant baritone voice, a wife and four children, slightly Napoleonic features, and that rare thing, a genius for friendship. His appreciation of the fact that the post of High Commissioner really has an Ambassadorial status encourages him to push the cultural as well as the agricultural interests of Eire. Young Irish painters, writers and playwrights are always given a helping hand, but members of the public who judge him solely by the sparkle and the unexpectedness of his after-dinner speeches are sorely mistaken. Mr. Dulanty may sign himself "Yours merrily," or "Yours with the cheerfulness breaking through," but at heart he is "a serious sort of bloke," to use his own description of himself, and he has made a magnificent success of a very ticklish job.

Charles Graves

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

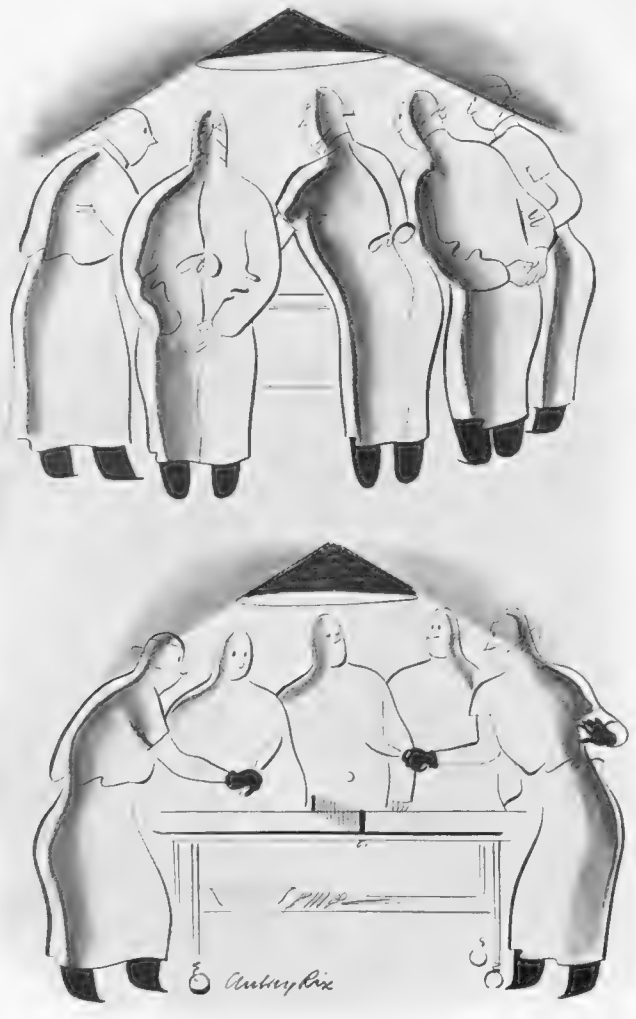
THE cleanly and diverting pages of Hansard's *Parliamentary Debates* our leading British light weekly, have been gayer than usual recently. While the House was debating the ravages of drink among Royal Air Force pilots, Sir M. Sueter chipped in with a story about naval air pilots at the Goat Club during the war. Two Sea Lords said to him one day: "Your pilots are drinking at the Goat" (laughter), and he asked: "What is the Goat?" (laughter), and they said it was "a disreputable place in Regent Street where pilots go and loaf about and drink and smoke." (Whew! What a mirific, thumping libel-case lurked here, had this little speech become public in a non-privileged place! When you consider the eminent respectability of the Goat and the semi-official blessings bestowed on it in due course by the Admiralty . . . !) However, in due course the Provost-Marshal raided it and found nobody there but two naval doctors and three R.N.V.R. officers; and after he had officially (and no doubt demurely) reported this to the Sea Lords Sir M. Sueter heard no more about his pilots' orgies at the Goat.

You should subscribe to Hansard. Rarely a day goes by but one of the Parliamentary Glamour Girls, titled or untitled, gives a hilarious character performance, with or without a Wedgwood or a Thurtle for her stooge. Following Hansard weekly needn't interfere with your solid reading, such as *Punch*.

Wait for It

CROMWELL DAY, September 3, will be a day of national thanksgiving if that interesting Cromwell-addict, Mr. Isaac Foot, ex-M.P. (Lib.) for Bodmin, gets his way, God forbid. It was Mr. Foot who once suggested that M.P.s should make a daily obeisance before the image of his idol outside the Commons. We don't know how he reconciles his mild Liberal tenets with the ruthless Fascism of Dictator Cromwell, alias Williams, but you can't expect clarity or logic in such matters. One thing we should expect, however, if Mr. Foot ever got his National Cromwell Day, would be an invitation to the Irish to celebrate it as well. They 'd just love to, we guess. Mr. Foot's Ironsides (120 in all, to date) would need iron pants as well that day, we dare aver.

"Say, have you a book called 'Arliss in Wonderland'?"



As is our habit when matters of national moment crop up, we 've been cautiously sounding members of the National Liberal Club on the Foot proposition. Two of them said curtly: "The hell with Cromwell," and changed the subject, two merely guffawed and went on discussing the Grand National, and the fifth, a troll from St. John's Wood, made up an unseemly rhyme about Cromwell (pron. "Crumwell") on the spot; so it doesn't look as if Mr. Foot will have the Spirit of Liberalism behind him to any overwhelming extent.

In Confidence

MOST agreeable surprise of the past few days was a photograph—the first, so far as we know—in the *Evening Standard* Social Page of "Corisande," their Gossip Editress, showing her to be a girl, and not, as we had vaguely imagined for some time, a middle-aged gentleman with a big, wavy moustache. We couldn't ever explain to you why the pen-name "Corisande" instinctively meant just that to us. Anyway, that point is now settled, leaving very few of the romantic incogniti of Fleet Street to be unmasked. You probably know that "Beachcomber" of the *Express* is a handsome young Guardee, the only Ouida character in Town who still drenches his silky golden mustachios in eau-de-Cologne. "Timothy Shy" of the *News Chronicle* is said to be a beautiful young Society girl who went crazy over Vernon Bartlett, and is now biting her nails unavailingly, sunk in misery and journalism. The signatures "Viscount Castlerosse" and "the Marquess of Donegall" mask a well-known Viscount and a popular Marquess respectively, both leading figures in the gossip world. They do not choose to reveal their personalities further. "Marianne Mayfayre" of the *Daily Telegraph* is, of course, the Hon. Marianne Mayfayre, sister of Lord Bondestreete, and first cousin of the Hon. Carlos Playce, who is, of course, a brother-in-law of the Park-Laynes, and "Atticus" of the *Sunday Times* is an influential nobleman on whom the Oriental honorific title "Retxaby-el-Reveb" ("Moonlight on Old Pomegranates") was conferred by Lawrence of Arabia one day when he (Lawrence) had a cold. We 'll unveil a few more coy notables for you next week, heaven willing.

Yoo-Hoo, Spirals!

Unmoved generally by the posturings of the "modernist" Art boys, whose shrilly voices throw us into a high state of quietude, we couldn't help liking the manifesto in the Storran Gallery catalogue of an exhibition by Jean Varda, a Greek artist who works in broken glass and a sort of concretish composition, often attractive. "Since, immemorially, woman has been acknowledged chlorophyllic," M. Varda starts off, breaking new ground, "it is mathematically deduced that her magic sign and pentacle, her visible seal and algebraical equation, is the spiral." And M. Varda, explaining that he is an Ionian, "atavistically initiated to the arcanes of the Ionic capital and the double-spiralled symbol of premycenean matriarcate," calls urgently on the reader to stop and consider, inter alia, "the trajectory of omens and itinerary of prophecies, the progress of azure madness and its corollary expression, typhoons and cyclones." He finally switches off to a rather nice experiment described at Knossos. You bind a woman's eyes, having sealed them first with sealing-wax, frighten her out of her wits, and cast her loose on a flat stretch of ground. "She will take to running and her course will be a strictly logarithmic spiral."

Footnote by M. Varda for chaps who will be testing this out at week-end parties this summer: "If the woman dies of heart-failure, sacrifice a bull on her grave and adorn her tomb with the flower Azalea." It may be news to him that British week-end hostesses don't like guests messing round with their azaleas.

Tonic

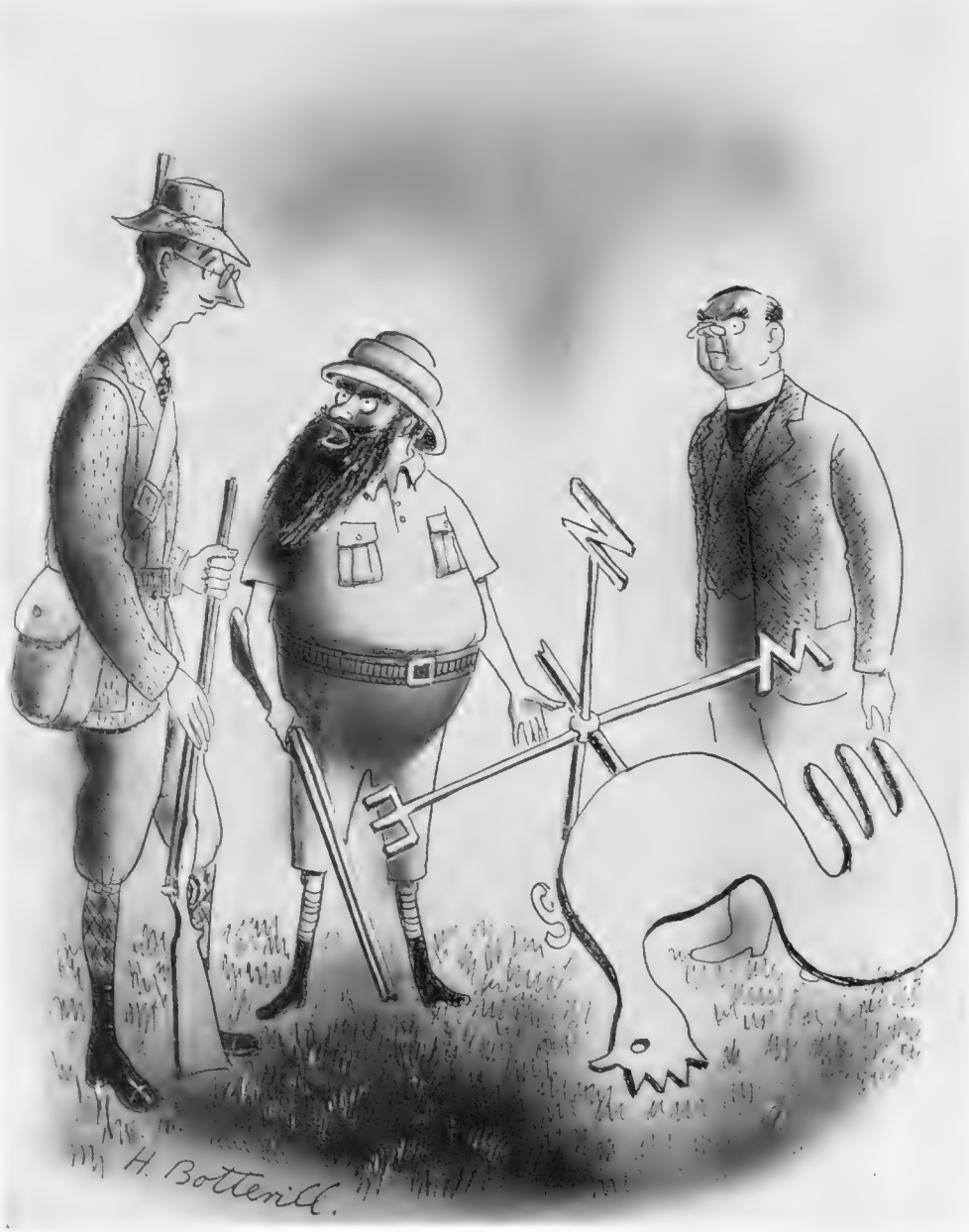
A untie *Times's* Hunting Correspondent wrote a very judicious piece celebrating the recent centenary of *Handley Cross*, which came out in its original form in the *New Sporting Magazine* in March 1838, and has been the Foxhunters' Bible ever since, though in our opinion it isn't a patch on *Mr. Sponge*. We can never find out why we like Surtees so much. His pages reek of pigskin and manure, the stable and the harness-room, his heroes are a detestable kind of hard-riding, hard-drinking, raffish, swindling Mohock with no thoughts beyond horses, his women are either hard-boiled old match-making mammas, coy virgins with an eye to the main chance, or mopsies like Lady Scattercash and Lucy Glitters, and his humour is of the crudest hob-nailed kind. It must be the magnificent, coarse, full-blooded vitality which gallops through his books, the country winds and skies and sights and smells, which get us; also the vision of a more jolly, more spacious pastoral England, now almost gone. (Though we never forget that at this same period small children were being driven to the mines, the St. Pancras Guardians, a Pickwickian old body, driving a brisk trade in infant-pauper labour.) So there you often find us, curled up with *Mr. Sponge* or *Handley Cross* or *Hawbuck Grange*, when we should be improving our cloddish mind with Mr. Huxley and Mrs. Woolf, or inhaling the pure bracing æther of Vitalism with Professor Joad. We often feel we ought to be ashamed of ourselves for this, but nothing much comes of it except a few irresolute slaps.

Is-It-Cricket Dept.

The ruin of St. James's Square continues with the recent sale for demolition of the Sports Clubs' premises, to make way for another huge block of offices. What seems equally significant of the ruthless materialism of the age is that the Sports Club is shortly going to amalgamate with the East India United Services Club, the result being that many innocent, fresh-faced sportsmen will suddenly be hurled smack into a milieu heavy with the intoxicating allure of the exotic and fabulous Orient. It isn't only their curry-corrugated livers we're thinking of, it's their whole outlook. When you see the first pink, open, healthy dials suddenly gone yellow, wrinkled, heavy-lidded, and inscrutable, when they look at you sideways instead of frontways, when they begin riding in the Row of a morning ten paces ahead of their women (who will trudge after them on foot, laden with pots and pans, chicken-coops and bedding), you'll know the East has got those artless children of the Open.

No other club amalgamations seem to be in the air at the moment, and a story going round that the Athenæum and the Eccentric were thinking of digging in together is utterly untrue. More's the pity, for the bishops would curb the exuberance of the bookmakers, and the bookmakers infuse new interests into the variegated lives of the bishops. You'd see them in little groups of twos and threes, eagerly exchanging ideas. "Pray, my Lord, enlighten us a little further as to the basic principles involved in the fascinating Kikuyu controversy," a hoarse but jovial voice would say. And in another group a high, cultivated voice would be intoning: "No Limit? Surely a highly agreeable, if at first sight somewhat unorthodox, departure from the general rubrics of S.P. betting!" That's how chaps get to know each other, with obvious benefit to the commonweal.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"I told you all along it wasn't a Golden Eagle"

Russian Ballet Faces a Crisis

Politics and the Urgent Need for an Anschluss

By Arnold L. Haskell

TO-DAY Russian Ballet is facing a crisis, and one of its staunchest, oldest, and most consistent friends may be allowed to express a certain disgust at what has come to pass. A studied examination of the situation will show that the schism that has taken place is inherent in the whole structure, one more example of the brilliant degeneracy of contemporary Russian Ballet. De Basil, the organiser and inspirer of the whole ballet revival, and Massine, the artist and its most brilliant creator, have parted company. I am not concerned with the rights or wrongs of a case in which both are wrong and right over certain points and at certain periods. My sole interest is in seeing first-class ballet, whoever provides it, and my sympathies are with an art and not with any individual. It is only fair to mention that for psychological reasons de Basil has never received full credit for his work; the credit due to Massine is evident; creatively he is the man of the moment—a moment that has lasted twenty years.

THIS quarrel has caused a division of talent. Massine takes Danilova and Toumanova as well as some others whose importance tends to be grossly exaggerated in their own minds and that of others because they have been the subjects of a spectacular dispute. He has also signed with Markova, Tarakanova, Leslie, Igor Yusskevitch, and some charming debutantes from the Paris studios, among them Irina Fabergé, who should be heard of in the future. On paper, at any rate (with a Russian team this is an indispensable reserve), this looks like a strong company.

De Basil still retains a strong company and most of the Massine ballets, without Massine's touch; Massine many of the Fokine ballets without Fokine's touch.

Both companies have strong American backing, and the Americanisation of Russian Ballet is a feature of the struggle. It has become the fashion for millionaires to pay a tribute to culture in this pleasant way. Perhaps, under the circumstances, they would have been better advised to back their native talent, which I can assure them is very great and worthy of support: but then, for many years to come the imported article will pay bigger dividends in prestige.

Leonide Massine and Colonel W. de Basil—Collaborators or Competitors?

Since de Basil and Massine broke their five-year association at the end of last summer's season at Covent Garden, the Russian Ballet world has been split in two. At the moment each has a company, with powerful American backing, but lately welcome rumours have been heard of a possible reconciliation and amalgamation

WHEN I mentioned brilliant degeneracy I did so with due thought, and even a superficial examination of Russian Ballet achievement since the boom will speedily prove my point. What original musical compositions of any merit have been commissioned by the Russians? What painters unknown to Diaghileff have contributed to the décors? The answer is "None." Russian Ballet has been living on its capital.

There is another question that one is compelled to ask: where are the new choregraphers? All the prominent names are pre- or immediate post-war. Lichine alone is starting on his career. It is too early to say what he will do, but his most popular work, *Francesca da Rimini*, splendidly effective though it may be, is in its basic structure a definite sign of degeneracy. Let us examine it. A ballet is composed to fit a symphonic poem by Tchaikovsky, but the scenario is handled in such a way that the composer's intention, which we know, is deliberately ignored. The result is an immense section in which there is a glaring discrepancy between music and action. Lichine's strong dramatic instinct alone saved the situation. This is clearly not the manner in which fresh talent can be developed.

In the period under review Sadler's Wells has produced works to original scores and to skilfully-made arrangements: *Horoscope* (Lambert), *Checkmate* (Bliss), *Rake's Progress* (Gavin Gordon), *Job* (Vaughan-Williams), *Les Patineurs* (Meyerbeer, arranged Lambert), *Les Rendezvous* (Auber, arranged Lambert), *Apparitions* (Liszt, arranged Lambert), and a long list of others. These works may not be perfect, but the method of their creation is. It shows knowledge and judgment, points the way to a safe future.

Massine's future programme is more encouraging than any I have seen for a long time, with works by Hindemith, Cole Porter, Salvator Dali, and others who should use ballet as a medium.

THE inherent cause of Russian Ballet's poverty of creation—save in the creation of dancers, another matter—is lack of time in which to think, the necessity of always being on the move. Whether there is one company, two, or more, Russian Ballet is doomed as an artistic force if it does not immediately change its policy. More than one company will make this difficult by creating fiercer competition and a continual spirit of unrest. These warring companies must, at any rate, come to an immediate working agreement as to the division of territory and the snatching of artists from one another. Otherwise the true lover of ballet will be tempted to say "Until you put your house in order, let us devote ourselves to our own young and healthy organisation."

An anschluss put into force immediately would give us the most brilliant Covent Garden season on record. I understand there is a strong possibility of one. And for the future less politics and more art.

Dancers in Monte Carlo

Igor Yusskevitch, Nina Tarakonova, Michel Panaieff

The "World Art" ballet, more easily known as the Massine company, have been rehearsing for some time at Monte Carlo, and were due to start their season last Sunday. Nina Tarakonova, who was winter-sporting in Kitzbühl before she arrived in Monte Carlo, and Panaieff were in the Blum company which forms the nucleus of the "World Art" organisation

Frederic Franklin and Nathalia Krasovska

Nathalia Krasovska is another member of last season's Blum ballet, but she was then Nathalie Leslie. Frederic Franklin is an English dancer who joined Massine after the Markova - Dolin company broke up

Alicia Markova

For the first time for some years an English dancer of ballerina status dances with a Russian company. For Markova it is a return : she began her career with Diaghileff and at Monte Carlo as a child of thirteen

Genia Delarova

Massine's wife left de Basil last season when her husband and the Colonel parted company, and is one of the eighty dancers who sit in the Monte Carlo sun between rehearsals

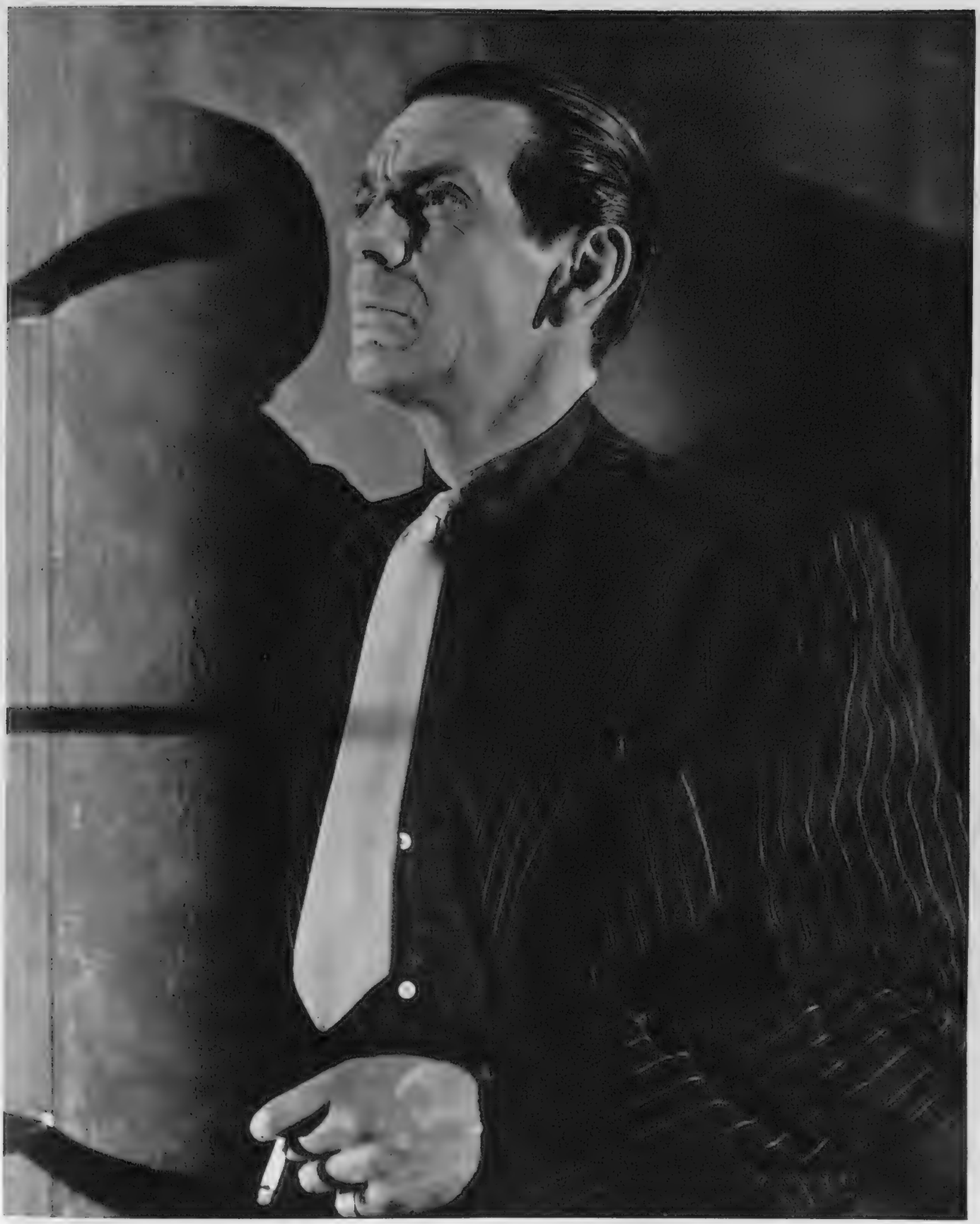
Lubov Rostova

Rostova is another of the dancers who left Colonel de Basil after his London season to join Massine's company. At Covent Garden last year she had some important solo roles

Peter Rose-Pulham

André Derain in His Studio

Derain has his studio in the famous Cour de Rouen, built in 1580 by the Archbishop of Rouen as his Paris palace. He has also a country house, where he spends half the week and where his cuisine and hospitality are renowned. He was born, the son of a baker, near Paris in 1882, joined in his early days the Montmartre group which included Picasso and Matisse, but broke away later to form with Vlaminck and Rouauld the group known as the "Fauves," whose feeling for freedom and for colour was deeply influenced by Van Gogh and Gaugin. Since then he has broken away again, this time to follow an individual path, retaining his rich, glorious colouring and his pleasure in painting for itself, avoiding the more intellectual problems which Picasso has faced. Now, at fifty-six, he is one of the most universally respected and admired of French painters; his works have been shown all over the world. He has done some important work for the ballet; for Diaghileff *La Boutique Fantasque*; for de Basil *La Concurrence*; for Blum the exquisite setting of *L'Epreuve d'Amour*



John Everard

Raymond Massey in "Idiot's Delight"

Raymond Massey's performance as Harry Van, tap-dancing impresario of a troupe of blonde sex-appeal girls, gives Robert E. Sherwood's play its one strongly individual character. He is so alive, so real, with his mixture of undaunted optimism, tough-guy philosophy and debunking wisecracks, that while he is on the stage the rest of the cast seem a little smaller than life, types who never quite attain the uniqueness of individuals. It is this travelling salesman from the Middle West, whose wares have ranged from patent medicines through encyclopædias to the singing and dancing troupe he has been peddling around the Balkans when the play begins, who asks the big question about war — "Why?" And neither he nor the dramatist offers the slightest answer

Dr. Waldersee (Franklin Dyall) : " You are familiar with the writings of Thomas Mann ? "

Harry Van (Raymond Massey) : " I 'm afraid not, pal "

Harry Van and His Bunch of Blondes Conc

" Idiot's Delight "

Robert E. Sherwood's Play About the Next War

Photographs specially taken for the " Bystander " by John Everard

" Apply your intelligence, my dear. Ask yourself, why shouldn't these young people die ? "

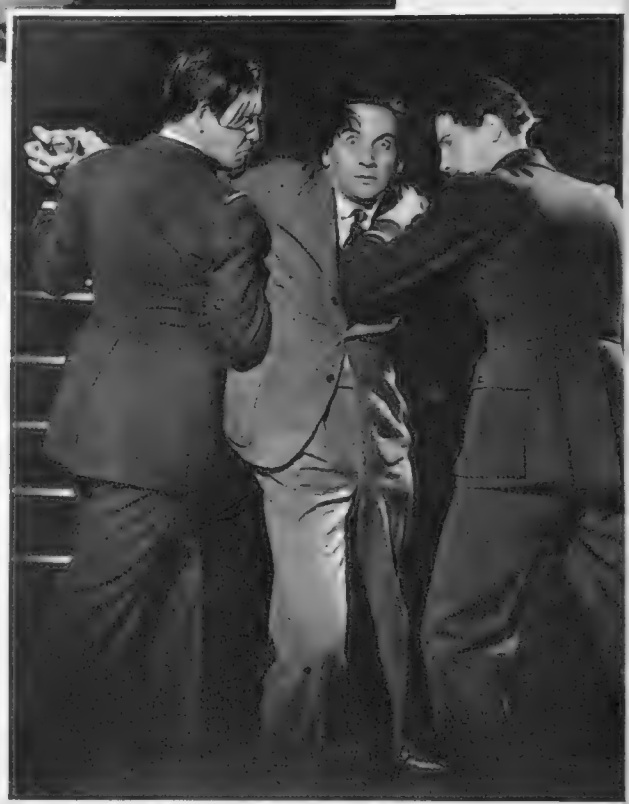
Achille Weber (Hugh Miller) instructs his mistress (Tamara Geva), who dared to criticise, in an armaments king's philosophy

Dumptsy, the little waiter (Ralph Roberts), serves his last order before he goes to the war : " And to you, Madame, if you please "

Irene (Tamara

Their Entertainment

A Lesson in Vodka-Drinking
The honeymoon couple (Janet Johnson and Valentine Dyall) drink a toast with Irene, the mysterious Russian (Tamara Geva)



"To Hell with Tyranny! Vive la France!"
Exit of the Marxian pacifist (Carl Jaffé)

During the last few weeks most people have had some fleeting picture go through their minds of what they would do if war suddenly became a reality. Now here's the same thing in a play—a study of futility and unanswerable questions. *Idiot's Delight* sets a group of people in a winter-sports hotel, breaks a wave of war-news over their heads, and shows how one and another swims with or against the tide. The scientist, the waiter, the pacifist, the honeymoon couple—all of them are excellently cast, with Raymond Massey and Tamara Geva heading the team, in the places filled by Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne during the play's twelve-months'-run in New York. Raymond Massey is also the producer of *Idiot's Delight* for its Apollo run. A review of the play by Mr. Farjeon appears on page 21 of this issue

r Raid Begins
nd the Captain (Terence Neill)

"Onward Christian Soldiers": the Russian and the American Greet the First Bomb

Twelve Debutantes of 1938

Pearl Freeman

Miss Veronica Hornung

Veronica Hornung is the younger daughter of Captain and Mrs. George Hornung, of Glebe House, West Grinstead. She is being presented by her mother and will have a dance with Sheila Perrins at 6, Stanhope Gate, on May 17th. Granddaughter of Mr. J. P. Hornung, she inherits his love for horses

Pearl Freeman

Miss Juliet Parker

Juliet Leonora Parker is Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Parker's younger daughter. She will be presented by her mother, who is a cousin of Lord Brownlow. Her father is the Rev. and Hon. Algernon Parker's son and a cousin of Lord Macclesfield. They live at 22, Chapel Street, Belgrave Square

Hay Wrightson

Miss Jean Buchanan Riddell

The late Sir Walter Buchanan Riddell and the Hon. Lady Riddell's eldest daughter is one of 1938's important debutantes. Her mother is Viscount Cobham's younger sister; her brother, John Charles, succeeded as thirteenth baronet before he was one year old, in 1934. The family seat is at Hepple, Morpeth, Northumberland

Hay Wrightson

Miss Barbara Holmes

Barbara Holmes is the younger daughter of Sir Maurice Gerald Holmes, Permanent Secretary to the Board of Education, and Lady Holmes, of 11, Mallord Street, S.W.3. Her mother, who is the only daughter of Brig.-Gen. F. P. S. Dunsford, D.S.O., will present her, with her sister (right)

Hay Wrightson

Miss Daphne Holmes

Daphne Holmes is Sir Maurice and Lady Holmes's elder daughter. Like her younger sister, with whom she will be presented, she is fond of squash and tennis. Their father received his Knighthood of the British Empire in the New Year's Honours

Pearl Freeman

Miss Honoria Ward

Honoria Kathleen Ward is Brig.-Gen. Thomas Ward and Lady Kathleen Ward's only daughter. She will be presented by her mother, who is the youngest of the Irish Earl of Belmore's seven sisters. The Wards live in North Wales, at Brynhir, Criccieth

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Judith Bromley Martin

Judith Bromley Martin's coming-out dance, which she shared with Mrs. Geoffrey Devas's daughter, Anne, was the first of the season; it was on March 15th. She is the daughter of the banker, Mr. Granville Bromley Martin, and Mrs. Bromley Martin. She was finished in Paris and Vienna and hopes to train horses as a career

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Anne Devas

Anne Devas, who had her dance with Judith Bromley Martin (left) at 9, Halkin Street, on March 15th, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Devas. She has returned from Paris for the season and lives with her parents at The Lodge, Wateringbury, Kent. She will be presented by her grandmother, Mrs. Campbell Bannerman

Peter North

Miss Valerie Cole

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Cole, who arrived at 2, Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1, for the season. Mrs. Horace Farquharson gave a luncheon party on March 8th to meet Mrs. Cole, and Mrs. Cole herself gave a fork luncheon on March 9th for debutantes' mothers. Valerie Cole will have a dance on May 5th

Cannons of Hollywood

Miss Bridget Hope

Is the eldest daughter of Captain the Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Hope, of 10, Cleveland Gardens, W.2. Her father is M.P. for the Aston Division of Birmingham, and Treasurer to His Majesty's Household; her mother, who will present her, is a daughter of Brig.-Gen. Sir Robert Gilmour

Bassano

Miss Monica Neville

Monica Neville is the daughter of the late Comdr. Ralph Neville and the Hon. Mrs. Pearson-Gregory, and she is having a dance with Susan Pearson-Gregory, her stepsister, at Claridge's on June 21st. Her mother, who is Lord Falkland's sister, and her stepfather live at Harlaxton Hall, Grantham

Tunbridge

Miss Lorna Harmsworth

Lorna Peggy Vyvyan Harmsworth is the elder daughter of the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth and Mrs. Harmsworth. Her father, who is chairman of Associated Newspapers, and heir to Lord Rothermere, is giving a dance for her at his Kent home, Mereworth Castle, on June 10th

"La Péri"

A Ballet Club Work by a New Choregrapher

The end of the pas de deux: the Péri takes back the flower of immortality, and the Prince (Frank Staff) is left to die

Photographs by Anthony

The Ballet Club has been fulfilling its pioneering role again. A new ballet by a new choregrapher, when the ballet is as promising as *La Péri*, is something of an event. Frank Staff has told his story of the Prince, the Péri, and the flower of immortality with invention and charm, his groupings are good, and he shows an excellent understanding of the Dukas music to which the ballet is set. He himself took the part of the Prince, with Deborah Dering as the Péri. The attractive décor is by Nadia Benois. Frank Staff's first work for the Ballet Club was *The Tartans*, a gay little suite for three dancers; this was also given for the first time a few weeks ago. As a dancer his work is also interesting; he has considerable technique and a natural vitality that makes itself felt across the footlights. Next season he is rejoining the Vic-Wells Company; since he was last with them some time ago he has been with the Markova-Dolin Company as well as at the Ballet Club

Deborah Dering had her first leading part as the Péri. She is extremely attractive in looks and a graceful young dancer

Sketches by Rouson

The man who makes the guns : Hugh Miller ; and the man who uses them : Ralph Roberts

Hoofer not so hot from Broadway: Raymond Massey ; adventuress hot from the past : Tamara Geva

A shock for the professor : Franklin Dyall and Pat Denny

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Idiot's Delight" (Apollo)

HERE is an intensely moving play—not a war play or a post-war play, of which we have seen so many examples, but a pre-war play, foreshadowing, like *An Englishman's Home*, tragedy to come, and asking what, what, what we are going to do about it. In the case of Major du Maurier's warning to compatriots, produced just thirty years ago, the answer stared stalls, pit and gallery starkly in the face : arm, fight, repulse and conquer. Which, as everybody knows, we did. And so in the case of Mr. Robert E. Sherwood's sympathetic heart-cry from across the Atlantic, what stares audiences starkly in the face this time is that there is no answer, unless it be in the passionate suggestion that the least and the most any one human being can do to stop war is not to participate in it. My own opinion as an unpractising Christian is that it is better to be blown than to blow to pieces, and I warm to *Idiot's Delight* because, while it is rather the cry of pain of a wounded world than a sermonistic expression of opinion, it seems ultimately to bear out this view.

IN some respects, *Idiot's Delight* resembles that post-war play *Broadway*, in which, you may remember, the hectic pleasures of the cabaret were sensationally combined for the first time with blood and tragedy. Mr. Sherwood sets his stage for pleasure, introducing us to a frontier hotel in Central Europe during the winter-sport season, to a young newly-married couple out for romance on the peaks, to an American dance-manager with a troupe of the toughest blondes, to an old German scientist on the brink of discovering a cure for cancer, and so forth.

He then proceeds to show what happens to this assortment of human beings during the fantastic twenty-four hours that include the outbreak of hostilities, with the closing of frontiers, the scramble for passport endorsements, the minute-to-minute changes of plan, the abrupt conversion of simple, kindly civilians into simple, kindly instruments of slaughter, the deadly whirr of aeroplanes, the detonation of bombs, through all of which the brainless blondes function as a delirious modern chorus, maintaining, in spite of everything, the unconquerable rhythm of sex.

IT is, on the whole, a remarkable entertainment—for, though you may complain that it 's bad enough reading the newspapers every dreaded morning, an entertainment *Idiot's Delight* unquestionably succeeds in being. The scenes that concern Mr. Hugh Miller as an armament manufacturer and Miss Tamara Geva as his imaginative Russian mistress are the only ones that do not ring true, and I doubt whether, even with more convincing performances, they would. But the tender performance of Mr. Ralph Roberts as the hotel waiter who spends his life doing what he is told, whether serving coffee or death ; the fiery outbursts of Mr. Carl Jaffé as a protesting Communist ; the scientific aspirations and patriotic limitations of Mr. Franklin Dyall (his best performance for years) as the old professor, all keep one completely engrossed.

And, above all, there are Mr. Raymond Massey and his terribly funny blondes. Mr. Massey, the wild, reflective element in the piece, marshalling his blondes under the blue sky, chewing his gum at civilisation, making a long nose at himself, and glimpsing profundity, is superb. This is the part of his life. And when he is through with it, why not Tchehov ?

"Toss of a Coin" (Vaudeville)

MISS MARION LORNE is at her tricks again, and very good tricks they are. So good that when, at the close of *Toss of a Coin*, she has a serious passage to act, we begin to wonder whether they are tricks at all, and to wish that Mr. Hackett would for once risk commercial disaster by writing her a tragedy.

But Mr. Hackett takes no chances. His new imbroglio, brisk and bald as its predecessors, moves ingeniously in the old zigzag grooves. By the time it is over, you have grasped about half the plot, and enjoyed yourself just enough not to mind not having grasped the other half. Once again there are detectives. Once again there are bad hats. Once again there are flash-backs, with the actors appearing as their forbears, and loose talk about the wheel coming full circle. Once again there is a solid male—Mr. Edwin Styles—to provide Miss Lorne with the flitter-flutter love-affair we could so easily do without.

AND once again Miss Lorne keeps us continuously amused. Her first entrance is made as a companion wheeling a bath chair on the South Coast. Marion Lorne with a bath-chair ! Instinctively we laugh. Her next entrance is made in pierrette costume, with ventriloquist's doll, as a member of an Edwardian concert party. Marion Lorne as a ventriloquist ! Instinctively we laugh again.

And when, subsequently, we see Miss Lorne in the lounge of a French casino, staking her money, losing it, and then staking the money of other people, all 's well with the show. It should run exactly as long as Mr. Hackett's other plays, which, I feel sure, must have run exactly as long as each other.

Films of the Day

Deanna Durbin as an Attractive Little Liar

By George Campbell

Do you like Deanna Durbin? If you don't, then *Mad About Music* will probably not amuse you, for the whole film is built around the personality and talent of the little Mädchen in uniform who lies and sings her way into the hearts of enemies at a Swiss school, and the man she selects for the rôle of a purely imaginary father.

One or two critics, it seems, are distressed at the morality of the thing. Aren't they taking it a little too seriously? Deanna's father is dead; her mother is a film star far too glamorous, so her manager insists, to be seen with a fourteen-year-old daughter. She falls back, as children so often do, on fantasy. In dreams, her mother cries with joy at seeing her: her father is a big-game hunter, brave and famous, always being photographed with his latest elephant, always sending her bearskins or tusks and writing her exciting letters about his adventures in the wilds, which she reads to envious school-fellows.

The photographs, her catty rival discovers, are given away as a cheese advertisement, and the game is nearly up. But the little heroine makes a fight for it; with fingers crossed, she lies and lies, until lying will serve no longer, and she must produce her father or know depths of humiliation which only those who remember the agonies of sensitive childhood can fathom.

This, of course, is where Herbert Marshall steps off the train—a composer in need of a rest, rather astonished at his rapturous reception by a pretty little schoolgirl, as the whole school looks on. "Just an old Swiss custom," she explains. "We meet every train and give flowers to the most distinguished visitor."

That, she confidently expects, will be the end of the episode; but the composer likes the place, ignores all advice about the superior attractions of Interlaken, and before he knows where he is, is trying desperately to satisfy the girls' curiosity about exploits from darkest Africa to the North Pole.

The agreeable liar caught in the mesh of his own inventions is a familiar figure in comedy, from *Charley's Aunt* onwards; and *Mad About Music* has none of the unexpected twists and freshness of characterisation that gave 100 *Men and a Girl* such vitality and suspense. It gets over, thanks to Deanna's enormous charm and enchanting voice; it may even, on the strength of the goodwill won by its predecessors, prove a terrific success at the box-office.

Nevertheless, I suggest to Universal that when they make the next Durbin picture they should work a little harder on the script and find music a trifle less banal. Apart from "Ave Maria," beautifully sung, the songs in *Mad About Music* are about up to the standard of an average musical, and that, by a long shot, isn't good enough. Universal might also consider having the next film directed by Henry Koster, who made 100 *Men and a Girl* and *Three Smart Girls*. Norman Taurog, judging by this example, hasn't quite the same delicacy of touch.

I sat through two reels of *Le Puritain*, with its harlots, its ascetic murderer battling with the flesh and the devil, its brutality and soul-searching against the background of an Irish slum, before I realised that this could only be the work of Liam O'Flaherty. In essence it is a variation on the theme of *Crime and Punishment*; but Mr. O'Flaherty, though talented in the intense and humourless Irish way, is no Dostoievsky. Raskolnikov, twisted though he is, is a complete man; the murderer in *Le Puritain*, is just a paranoiac who should have been put much sooner, where he ends, in a padded cell.

The best acting, because the most human and credible, is Pierre Fresnay's, as the detective who performs the not very difficult feat of breaking through the murderer's defence. Viviane Romance plays a drab drably. I should add that *Le Puritain* is extremely well made, and won a prize for the best French film of the year.

"Bringing Up Baby" is a good joke endlessly repeated. The baby is a tame leopard belonging to a rich old woman from whom the zoologist expects a million dollars. A savage leopard escapes from a circus. What happens? Quite. I can see you have been to the pictures. The characters are continually taking shots at the tame leopard and trying to drag the man-killer around on a leash. The first time it is funny, without being new enough to roll me in the aisle; after an hour and a half I found Cary Grant's pursuit of the million dollars, and Katharine Hepburn's pursuit of Mr. Grant, and everybody's pursuit of the leopard, very tiresome indeed, and only the uproarious laughter of the audience kept me awake.

"The First Hundred Years" is a marriage comedy. (Who was it said the first hundred years of marriage are the hardest?) It treats, less directly and brutally, the same problem as *The Dominant Sex*. Is a woman entitled to choose her own career and her own environment, or is she bound slavishly to follow her husband? Like jesting Pilate, the film poses the question, but refrains from suggesting an answer. Just when Virginia Bruce has taken a stand and let Robert Montgomery go off to his new job alone, she finds she is going to have a baby. This is more or less bound to upset the efficient businesswoman's routine anyway; and so the contest ends with no decision.

The financier's wife is to learn royal etiquette from his mistress: Gaby Morlay, Raimu, Elvire Popesco

But the courtesan makes a mistake in showing the king (Victor Francen) his brother's photograph in her room

Visiting king and French premier (Paul Amiot) open fire simultaneously; finance minister listens complacently to compliments to himself

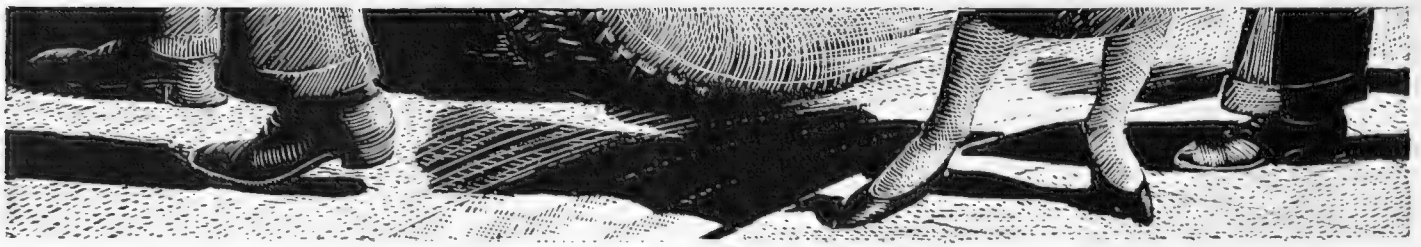
"Le Roi S'Amuse"

France treads where Shaw trod in his *Apple Cart* with *Le Roi*, changed for English consumption into *Le Roi S'Amuse*. It is a satire on monarchy; it was, in fact, drawing most of Paris to the Marivaux Cinema at the time of Edward VIII.'s abdication and only now is considered fit for English consumption. Victor Francen (the Captain in *Double Crime sur la Ligne Maginot*) is the debonair foreign king who visits France, stays with the self-made minister of finance (Raimu), has amorous adventures with his hostess (Gaby Morlay) and others, and signs a trade treaty as result. Elvire Popesco as a grande cocotte makes up the brilliant quartette who interpret Louis Verneuil's script to produce satire that will make you laugh and make you think. *Le Roi S'Amuse*, directed by Pierre Colombier, goes to the Academy on Friday

Jean IV. of Cerdagne is the king of the satire on monarchy: Victor Francen

Hungry, after state functions, the king and his hostess go foraging. She is ready to give him anything he wants

Later, the financier's wife even helps her royal visitor to sign a trade agreement



"Bystander" Short Story No. 133

The Memoir

By Basset Scott

Illustrations by C. F. Tunnicliffe

"AND this, Mr. Irvine, is what we call our cemetery": the Assistant Editor waved his hand in a circular gesture. "All round us, you see, memoirs of every—— What is it, Saunders?"

A young man had entered the room and was deferentially waiting.

"The Chief, sir," he murmured. "Sir Andrew has telephoned from Paris, and the Chief would like to speak to you at once if possible."

The Assistant Editor clucked impatiently.

"I am sorry, Mr. Irvine, but you see how it is. When Jove beckons mere mortals must fly. I must leave you, but not, I trust, for more than a few minutes. Pray make yourself comfortable." And he hurried out.

As always on such occasions, Irvine's thoughts turned at once to the manner of his reception and treatment. Well, that had been satisfactory enough to-day. The great newspaper had offered him the front sheet of its famous Supplement for the article he had had so long in mind, had named a generous price, and had set the whole transaction in an atmosphere of delicate flattery—a flattery which he had enjoyed because he had felt it to be sincere. Surely he could count to-day as a long step towards that self-confidence which so persistently eluded him. Surely the greatest newspaper in the land would not treat a nonentity as he had been treated that morning.

He fell into his usual habit of reverie. A nonentity? No, he was certainly not that. A man whose writings had received so much attention, whether appreciative or not, must count for something. But for how much? To what point on the thorny slopes of Parnassus had the lonely, sensitive boy of twenty years ago brought himself? What was his real place in English literature?—among the merely successful or among the truly great? Was his the work of a day or would it live on by virtue of its timeless worth? Were he indeed an immortal, he would be content to die to-day.

He was still smiling at the verbal paradox when the young man entered again.

"Mr. Carey's compliments and regrets, sir. He is still detained, but will not be more than ten minutes at the most. He hopes you are able to wait."

The words called him from his dreams, and as the messenger went out he became aware of his surroundings. It was a curious room in which he sat—a room given up, as it seemed, to the housing of an enormous system of card-indexing. He rose and began an idle inspection. Each great drawer was marked with a letter of the alphabet and contained—what, he wondered? Suddenly a recollection came into his mind. "Our cemetery"—that was what the Assistant Editor had said—memoirs. It must be here that were stored, ever ready to hand, those brief biographies which, on the very morrow of a man's death, would pronounce judgment on his life, his work, his character—a judgment informed weighty, and before all things, just.

Suddenly a thought struck him and set his heart beating wildly. Within a yard or two of him must be such a judgment of himself. He had but to read it and he would know—would see that verdict on his work that no man ever saw, for it was by death alone made visible. And he had ten minutes where five would be more than enough. For a second he hesitated, then went to the drawer marked "I" and pulled it firmly open.

Within a yard or two of him must be such a judgment of himself

Inside the drawer were pigeon-holes, of which all but five were empty. It was lucky, he thought, that so few names began with that letter, and hurriedly he pulled out one of the large, square envelopes. The name upon it was Illingworth. One after another he took them—Instone, Ingram, Innes; then the last must be his. Again he hesitated and wiped the sweat from his forehead. In a moment he would know—but he must hurry: it would not do to be caught in such a situation. With a trembling hand he drew out the last envelope. The name upon it was Isbister.

For a moment he stood staring incredulously, then thrust the envelope back, closed the drawer, and staggered to a chair. The irony of the thing caught him by the throat, and he gave a cackle of wild laughter. So this was the judgment—that he was not even worthy of judgment. Every twopenny-halfpenny "best-seller," every exploiter of humanity's interest in sex, in crime, in farce, provided only he were successful, would have his quarter-column or more, but he—he, John Irvine, who had striven with agonies of the spirit to lay bare the truths of life—for him there was nothing, the silence of indifference, if not of contempt. He had utterly failed.

The Assistant Editor returned. "A thousand apologies!" he cried. "But—but, my dear Mr. Irvine, what has happened? You are ill—let me send for some brandy. I will ring . . ."

Irvine raised a ghastly face.

"No, no!" he said. "Thank you, but I am all right. A slight attack of giddiness. I have had several such lately. It has passed now. But I am afraid I must cut short my—" his lips twisted into the semblance of a smile—"my very pleasant visit. If you would be so good as to have a taxi summoned I should be grateful."

His knees were trembling, but he rose and walked, not without a certain dignity, to the door. Down the long corridor and into the lift the Assistant Editor accompanied him with protestations of concern. As they stood at the great outer door awaiting the taxi, Irvine said suddenly: "I have changed my mind. I will walk," and leaving his astonished host on the steps he walked steadily out into the busy traffic of the street.

"MORNING, Phelps." The Secretary sat down and reached for the luncheon menu.

(*Concluded on page 34*)

Robert Taylor, *cocky athlete from a mid-Western campus, gets a scholarship to Cardinal College, Oxford, determines to show them what's what, starts by winning a freshman's sprint in his lovely new cap and gown*

Already disliked *by the young gentlemen in statu pupillari for his self-assertion, he makes a bad impression on the Senior Common Room by knocking down his Dean (Edmund Gwenn) in the High*

Splashing a bit, *but nevertheless beating Cambridge, the American rows himself back into lasting Dark Blue popularity*

"A Yank at Oxford"

Robert Taylor and the Alma Mater

The title of this film, M.-G.-M.'s first big British production, which had a "diplomatic premiere" at the Empire last Thursday, speaks for itself. Robert Taylor in the name-part, coached off-screen by several Old Blues, wins the Varsity relay race, strokes his college boat to the headship, strokes the Oxford eight to victory, is not always popular with his fellow-undergraduates. This fits in with his employers' policy of tough-guying the too-beautiful young man who played opposite Garbo when he was twenty-four. Nor do they ride rough-shod over the sacred conventions of the dreaming spires; the local colour is good, and the picture of Oxford life as about as authentic as the filmic portrayal of any other community. Lionel Barrymore is the young American's proud father, Maureen O'Sullivan the lovely sister of fellow-undergraduate Griffith Jones, Edmund Gwenn is the Dean, Vivien Leigh is a wanton wife of the town who causes trouble for the gown. All in all, one up to M.-G.-M. and director Michael Balcon

Singularly Decorous *is this Bump Supper at High Table, when Taylor, flanked by Deans C. V. France and Edmund Gwenn, his scout (Edward Rigby) in background, is the hour's hero*

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Oxford v. Cambridge

THOSE who read that Cambridge beat Oxford by ten matches to four, with one match halved, would have reason to think that Cambridge had won a very easy victory.

Actually, this is far from the truth, as it was a very close match: no fewer than six matches were decided on the thirty-fifth green or beyond. When the captains, who led their sides, had played the eleventh hole in the afternoon, the Oxford team had regained nearly all the twenty-six holes which it had lost in the morning, and it looked as if Oxford might bring off a victory, which had appeared nearly impossible an hour and a half previously.

If you had seen the Cambridge golfers play the first nine holes after lunch, you would have been justified in imagining that they had lunched off water, a beverage which few of my friends find beneficial to the playing of the game. Oxford won the first foursome very easily, and the fourth comfortably, while Cambridge never looked like losing the last foursome, and won the third comfortably.

THIS left the second match to decide the foursomes, and after a great match, in which many brilliant shots were played, Cambridge won by the narrowest possible margin, by Langley playing an extremely good long iron shot to within six yards of the pin at the thirty-sixth hole, after his partner had hit him a short tee-shot. When Cambridge was three up and six to play, in this match, and on the thirteenth green in two, it looked all over bar the shouting, as the Oxford ball was so close to the rushes on the left of the green, that Bond, who had to play the shot, could not swing his club back. In a few seconds the whole situation had changed. Bond played a wonderful stab and the ball went dead, and so shook his opponents that they required three putts and lost the hole, to be two up when four up had appeared certain; not only did Cambridge lose the hole, but got into a position about which there is a superstition, namely, two up and five to play. Cambridge was lucky at the fifteenth, where Langley's tee-shot, played a long way to the right, missed the rushes by inches, but the luck was equalised at the short sixteenth, where Oxford was bunkered and Physick holed a long and most gallant life-saving putt for three. Langley then holed his putt for a two, and his partner missed a putt nearly as short as it was generally reported to be. Oxford got perfect results at the thirty-fifth and thirty-sixth holes, but Cambridge did the same, and thus just gained a valuable lead of one point.

England v. France

André Vagliano, the doyen of French golf, brought a team over to play a friendly and unofficial and week-end golf match at Wentworth against an English team got up by Gerard Fairlie. The latter were successful in mixed foursome and four-ball play by 9 points to 3. Here is a Frenchman in a beret watching another in a bunker: Vicomte de St. Saubeur and Jean Weinbach

CARTER, who as a captain should, had taken on his own shoulders the burden of playing the best opponent, Kenneth Scott, started by hitting every shot at the first two holes absolutely perfectly. It should be remembered that you can very often get perfect results at the game of golf without necessarily playing perfect shots. Scott played three bad tee-shots going out, and was one down after nine holes. Carter, except for three putts (this at a time when everyone was saying that he could not miss a short putt) on the sixteenth and seventeenth greens, played perfectly coming home, and came in to lunch four up.

After losing the first hole in the afternoon, Scott fought back very bravely, and was actually one up with six holes to play, and later dormie one, when he half-topped his second and bounced off the water of the ditch short of the green and found himself (not literally) lying in soft mud on the edge of the water; he just got out and then ran up a coal-black, mud-covered ball dead. Carter, who was over the green in two, chipped back five feet from the hole and holed his putt, to his eternal credit. A situation which entails the holing of a five-foot putt to save your neck after you have been five up and seventeen to play, is not one many golfers would care to have to deal with. Carter proved himself a brave man by dealing with it to the satisfaction of Cambridge supporters.

English Captain

Gerard Fairlie, further from camera, captained the English side at Wentworth; he is with A. Pollen, who played for France

French Captain

André Vagliano, right, was the visiting captain at Wentworth. He is with H. B. Watkins, his partner in foursomes and four-ball

I MUST write a word in praise of J. C. Lawrie, who in my opinion was the hero of the Oxford team. He played really beautifully in the foursomes, and struck the ball on the green as smoothly as I have ever seen it struck. In the singles he put up a most gallant fight against an obviously better golfer, and fighting bravely after being five down at lunch, got all these holes back, and only died on the thirty-fifth green, after a cruel fluke by his opponent at the fifteenth, where the latter hit the edge of a bunker and holed an enormous putt for a three. Winton was another hero; he played terribly badly in the foursomes, and yet managed to pull himself together and play really well the next day to win his single.

Cambridge, it is true, finally won by six matches, but if you look at the results of seven of the Cambridge victories, which read in order: one hole, two and one, three and two, one hole, two and one, two holes, and two and one, you will realise how close the match was. Over thirty-six holes, these wins were by so small a margin that a fraction of luck the wrong way might very easily have given Oxford the victory.

THE BYSTANDER Trophy Golf Meeting, held last month, was so successful that we have asked the committee if we could hold this meeting again at Weston-super-Mare next year. We have now heard definitely that our application has been approved by the committee of the Weston-super-Mare G.C., and consequently the BYSTANDER Trophy Meeting will be held on its course next year, on March 18th and 19th.

Retrospect to Weston : More "Bystander" Trophy-ists, by H. H. Harris

Lunch scores : F. H. Haywood helping his caddie to recover from "lunch"!

Some of the big stuff : H. S. Allen, R. H. Romyn, S. H. Newman, J. K. Peppercorn

"Nice work if you can hit it" : the Hon. A. A. Anson and Major G. S. Cooper

Captain W. S. Wise putting spin on his ball

Claude Lalonde spent a busy morning searching for his partner

J. A. Irvine-Edwards stalking his ball in "darkest Africa"

R. N. Benjamin : tee at 8.30

A wind-swept pair : G. R. Stratton bringing in F. R. C. Love

Big hitting by B. D. Carris and D. G. Hood-Wright

***The Head Master** watched the Eton College sports with his wife. He is Mr. Claude Aurelius Elliott, and he succeeded Dr. Cyril Alington in 1933*

***The Arthur Dunn Cup** will be shared this year by Old Malvernians and Old Wykehamists, for in the final round at the Hurlingham Club a two-all draw was recorded, even with extra time. These three are R. G. Stainton, Malvernian captain, A. G. Brighton, referee, and P G. T. Kingsley, Wykehamist captain*

Howard Marshall on Sport

PASSING a village green in Surrey the other day I came upon a cricket match in progress—not a very serious match, perhaps. The players ranged in ages from seven to seventy, and all of them were in their shirt-sleeves. Still, there were the stumps and there was the communal bat, heavily bound and as hard as iron.

Possibly these enthusiasts were a little premature, though most of us by now, in this weather particularly, feel the old urge to knock a ball about. If the authorities would be enterprising enough to put up a net in my London square garden, I think it would not be long before eminent residents were loosening their muscles in full view of the admiring populace. We are, in fact, arriving at that awkward period of the year—between the seasons. Summer beckons us on, while winter holds us back. It is still three weeks, mark you, to the Cup Final, when Preston North End meet Huddersfield Town at Wembley.

If you happen to be a Soccer enthusiast, I do advise you to watch this match, for Preston North End are a great side—one of the cleverest and soundest combinations we have had for many seasons.

Sixteen years ago, you may remember, Preston and Huddersfield met in the Final at Stamford Bridge. And on that occasion Huddersfield won by a penalty goal, about which there was much argument. This time, I fancy, Preston will have their revenge. But it should be a great game.

IN the meanwhile our Rugby legislators continue to puzzle themselves and everybody else about the scrummage laws. The Committee of the Rugby Union have issued a manifesto in order, they say, "to clear up the situation which has arisen in connection with Law Fifteen."

The situation, briefly, is a state of complete chaos, in which neither players nor referees—nor, I venture to add, the legislators themselves—have the slightest idea where they are. The new attempt to clarify the obscurities of a complex law contains four sub-sections, each of which players and referees are enjoined to ponder and apply. It seems to me that there must be something very wrong with a law which requires so much clarification. When legislators have to explain the intention of their rulings, it is surely obvious that the law itself is inefficiently worded.

I suggest that the only way to clear up the situation is to attack the matter at the root and re-draft the law entirely.

So anxious are the authorities about this matter—and, indeed, it is one of fundamental importance—that they are taking a slow-motion picture of a scrummage in action. I hope the results will be helpful, though I cannot help feeling that they are likely to make a confusion worse confounded. I say again—re-draft the law and have done with it.

(Concluded on page 30)

***The Water Jump** attracted a large section of the record attendance at the Pytchley Hunt's point-to-point at Great Brington, near Northampton. Coming up to it (in ringed jersey) is Miss Malise Wilson*

***A Nasty Fall** was in store for Miss Wilson, who was third in the Adjacent Hunts' Ladies' Race as she took the water. Mrs. S. A. Parker on her Mr. Cinders III. went on to win*

*Mr. **John Lycett Wills**, of the Life Guards, won his regiment's steeplechase, part of the Pytchley programme, on his Hillside II. He and his wife, Lord Elphinstone's second daughter, looked pleased about it at Great Brington*

***Two ex-debs** who watched the soldiers and the pink coats and the farmers take the Pytchley fences were Miss Helen Faudel-Phillips and Lady Rosemary Eliott*

***Bruce Hobbs**, who had been acclaimed the week before as the youngest winner of the biggest steeplechase in the calendar, was a spectator at the Melton point, accompanied by Colonel Lynche Blosse, Chief Constable of Leicestershire*

Closing the Season

Hunters Will Soon Be Out to Grass

***Helped off the course** by Major Guy Paget and Mr. Peter Borwick, Miss Wilson held her damaged arm. She is the Hon. Guy and Mrs. Wilson's daughter; lives at Tixover Grange, Stamford*

***Sir Ian Walker**, who took over with Captain Kingscote and Captain Verelst the Joint-Mastership of the Meynell last year, was photographed with his fiancée at a meet. He is the third baronet, lives at Osmaston Manor, Derby, was described as one of the most eligible of bachelors in England until he and Miss Dorothy Elizabeth Heber-Percy announced their engagement last month. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Josceline Heber-Percy, of Guy's Cliffe, Warwick*

Howard Marshall on Sport

(Continued from page 28)

THE Rugby season is over, bar the shouting, though the players will enjoy their Easter tours. And the Middlesex seven-a-side tournament at Twickenham — which, unfortunately, takes place on the same day as the Cup Final—is shaping extremely well.

A number of strong sides have entered, among them the Old Llandoverians, who will be represented by Cliff Jones, A. H. Jones, H. C. Edwards and V. G. J. Jenkins, among others. This strikes me as a pretty hot combination.

LAWN tennis is rather more in keeping with the weather we have been having, and it is good to know that Mrs. Helen Wills Moody will be playing for the American Wightman Cup team in June. We shall see her also in the Wimbledon Championships, and her reappearance after a year's absence will be most welcome.

Unfortunately for English hopes, Miss Dorothy Round will not be playing, and we shall have to rely largely on Miss Kay Stammers to repel the American invasion which promises to be so strong. It is a formidable thought that, besides Mrs. Wills Moody, Miss Stammers will also have to deal with Miss Helen Jacobs and Miss Alice Marble, who will probably be a much more dangerous opponent this year now that she has sized up English conditions.

The L.T.A. have shown commendable initiative in selecting six players to go into training as possible candidates for the Davis Cup team. Their names—D. W. Butler, E. J. Filby, C. M. Jones, D. McPhail, R. A. Shayes and F. H. D. Wilde—do not fill us with optimism. But one or two of them are potentially great players. My own fancy is for E. J. Filby, who showed great promise last year and concentrates on improving his technique with the resoluteness of a Perry. Filby may surprise us before the summer is over, and it is quite time some of our youngsters really came to the fore.

SOON now the golfing season will be really into its stride, and already we have had proof that Henry Cotton is determined not to rest on his laurels.

What did really make me sit up and think about golf, though, was Leonard Crawley's remarkable performance ten days ago, when, not content with winning the St. George's Hill scratch trophy with two rounds of 73, he went on to Sunningdale the same day and won the club's gold medal with a 70. Quite apart from the thought of playing three strenuous competition rounds in one day, his astonishing consistency leaves me amazed.

ANOTHER fine performance was Kid Berg's whirlwind defeat of Frankie Wallace in New York the other day. Berg is not as young as he was, but he still keeps up that terrific two-handed attack of his, and he has now won four victories in quick succession in America.

If he can maintain this brilliant form he has a chance of fighting for the world welter-weight title before long. We shall see how he fares against Johnny Horstmann on April 9th, and we shall be wishing him luck, for there never was a pluckier or more indomitable boxer.

Sir John and Lady Heathcoat-Amory (Joyce Wethered) caused a third-round surprise in the Sunningdale foursomes by losing to Miss Enid Wilson and T. E. Cunningham

A Group at the Hyères Golf Club

Riviera golf is as popular as ever with English people, as this group shows: P. Rose (captain), Mrs. Greenly, Col. J. H. M. Greenly, Lord Denman, C. Hamer (hon. secretary), J. O. H. Greenly, A. Beresini; (sitting) Mrs. G. Fyfe, Lady Hall, Miss Cornish

Told to Get Into Training for the Davis Cup

The L.T.A. last week-end came two-thirds into the open with Davis Cup team plans, naming six possibles and inviting them to train up for selection matches at Melbury next week. Here are four: Frank Wilde, of last year's team, Eric Filby, C. E. M. Jones and Ronald Shayes. The other two are Donald Butler (abroad), and Donald McPhail (injured)

Captain and Hopeful

Mrs. King, the Wightman Cup captain for 1938, was taken to three sets at Harrow by fifteen-year-old Jean Nicoll, where the latter had already beaten three internationals. Though still at school, Miss Nicoll is being carefully watched and coached by L.T.A. authorities. She is also a table-tennis expert

STORIES OF THE CLANS No. 2

The Camerons of Erracht like their kinsmen of Lochiel, bear a sprig of oak for a badge. Unlike other clan badges the oak is not an evergreen, and its fading was generally held to be unlucky. But the Camerons find the oak of good omen; for the old leaves never wither and fall till young leaves are there to replace them.

The Erracht tartan is of late origin. In 1793 Allan (later Sir Allan) Cameron of Erracht raised the 79th or Cameron Highlanders. There was at the time fierce litigation between him and the trustees of Lochiel, and Allan refused to use the clan tartan for the regiment. He would have one of his own, and the task of designing it was entrusted to his mother. The set she devised has now come to be recognised as that of Cameron of Erracht.

A real Scot enjoying a real Scotch

Gilbey's SPEY ROYAL *Scotch Whisky*

IT'S GOOD — IT'S GILBEY'S

Mrs. Upcher, Miss Lorimer, Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Morgan

This group, photographed at the Stoke Poges Golf Club, were players in the women's qualifying competition of the "national" golf tournaments organised by the "Daily Telegraph." Mrs. Upcher won the bronze division, Miss H. Lorimer was second in the silver division

Miss Audrey Scott, Mrs. H. A. Morgan

Looked pleased with their results as they came up the steps to Stoke's luxurious club-house. The district finals of the "national" tournaments will be played in June and July

Britain's Loss and Kent's Win

By Eleanor E. Helme

THE nasty blow, not unexpected, has fallen. The Royal and Ancient have declared that Miss Wanda Morgan's amateur status is forfeited so long as she holds her present job with Dunlop, though should she give it up she could apply for reinstatement. That means that when the autumn comes, and we send out a team to tackle America for the Curtis Cup, we must do so missing Miss Morgan. Joyce Wethered, Enid Wilson, Wanda Morgan—one after another they have been lost to us, with the resultant irreparable damage to our international teams and to the whole standard of women's golf in the country.

Thank goodness, the L.G.U. is appealing to the county associations to help them in the framing of a definition of a professional, which can then be coped with by their own amateur status committee and eventually forwarded to the R. and A. Surrey has sent in the definition as drawn up by the L.G.U. amateur status committee of 1934, feeling that it was as good as could be, and now it remains to be seen what anybody else can devise and what the R. and A. will do in due course.

In the meantime more and more first-class golfers will find the impossibility of playing first-class golf under the present conditions of parents who can no longer afford to give them the big allowance, and ruling bodies who will not allow them to earn money in that station in life to which their talents most fit them, except at the cost of their amateur status.

HOWEVER, Miss Morgan herself is entirely philosophical, keen on her job and thoroughly enjoying it, and making in the intervals of business a most successful captain of Kent: if she cannot play for the side, she can at least work for them. The county team, responding grandly to its fresh responsibilities with no really famous people to tackle the top-notchers of other sides, began the season with a flourish with two wins in a day from Essex. At that rate they are very much to be reckoned with, particularly as the team has fresh young blood, whose game is likely to improve with the experience which Miss Morgan is determined it shall have. Miss Bonner Davis won both her matches that day at Langley Park, from two such good golfers as Mrs. Wilfred Walker (3 and 2) and Mrs. Iorns (5 and 4). Miss Bridget Jackson, who has been coming on apace, just lost each time, but she only needs hardening under county match fire; Mrs. Sellick (who was Miss Joan Fuller) was the morning heroine with her nineteenth-hole win when the state of the poll was three-all; and added an afternoon win by 2 and 1; and Miss Joan Kemble, making her first appearance for the first team, had wins by 6 and 5 and 2 and 1. That was good argument for the playing of young golfers; the more seasoned members of the side to win were Miss Oswald, who won most courageously on the last green from Miss Garnham, after losing all of a lead of four holes, in the morning, and in the afternoon Mrs. Barcham Green, who holed an immense putt for a nineteenth-hole win, for the side as well as herself. Essex only had Mrs. Garon there in the morning, when she played some nice golf in second place to beat Miss Doxford 5 and 4. Miss Garnham has obviously not got back into form yet, after a month of winter-sporting; she offered Miss Oswald plenty of chances in the afternoon, but Miss Oswald had apparently had her fill of them in the morning, and could do no more than go bravely to the last green, after having dormie five against her.

Miss Beryl Harvey

Known to many golfers and readers of the "Bystander" as an excellent organiser, Miss Beryl Harvey proved she was a golfer too at Stoke Poges, by heading the "Daily Telegraph" "national" qualifiers with 71. She has been taking lessons with Sherlock

"NATIONAL TOURNAMENT," as the *Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* call their gigantic competition, sounds a big title, but it really is justified, when you consider that very few short of one thousand clubs in England and Wales are holding qualifying rounds, and that one silver and one bronze division winner from each of them will compete in divisional finals during June. There is great skill needed to qualify, not merely in the hitting of the ball, but in choosing which club—if you belong to many—shall stage your attempt.

At all events, it was a one-club player (*not* in the Miss Minoprio sense) who headed the silver division at Stoke Poges, Miss Beryl Harvey returning a 71 net, five below par and two better than Miss H. Lorimer, who was second. So many people know Miss Harvey best doing a hundred-and-one kind offices for the Parliamentary L.G.A., or for competitors in BYSTANDER Foursomes, that they hardly realise the possibilities of her as a player. Sherlock, however, does, and a few lessons from him last month seem to have worked wonders. This 71 was nearly wrecked by bad putting—just the department where she usually shines—so we must look out for squalls when the putting and the long game get going together. Mrs. Upcher, who brings vast experience to the game, was first of the bronze; second, Mrs. Swinburne Johnson, mother firstly of Nora Swinburne, of *Dodsworth* fame, and secondly of Sonia, of Girls' Championship. Stoke was looking quite lovely, but the Girls must beware: there are several new bunkers in most appropriate places.

Miss Enid Pears has won the Walmley qualifying; Miss Mary Wall the Weston-super-Mare; Mrs. Barcham Green the Rochester and Cobham. So the low handicaps can win, if they play well enough.

Unchallengeable

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with every proved feature that makes for perfect motoring comfort

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The Memoir *(Continued from page 24)*

"Morning, Stedman. Waiter, is there any Roquefort? None? Damn it, there never is! Well, I'll try the Stilton. Look here, Stedman, why is it one can never get Roquefort in this club? Can't you do something about it, old chap?"

"Tried it once," said the Secretary briefly. "No go—people complained of the smell."

"The smell!" Phelps was indignant. "The smell! When the whole place is simply reeking of Camembert. I never heard anything so damn ridiculous! Why, Camembert simply rushes across the room at you, and you have to stick your nose *into* Roquefort to smell it at all!"

"I know." The Secretary was weary of the subject. "I say, that was an awful thing about poor Irvine. How the devil did it happen?"

"God knows." Phelps dug resentfully into the Stilton. "They say he simply walked clean under a bus coming down Ludgate Hill, but you read the report of the inquest, I suppose? About his having had attacks of giddiness? It must have been that."

"Well, it was a frightful tragedy, anyway."

"Tragedy!" Phelps's tone was gloomily exultant. "My boy, you don't know—hardly anybody knows—*what* a tragedy it was. Let me tell you this—and you can take it from me as the truth—in another ten years that chap would have been the biggest figure in English literature—easily the biggest."

"My boy, you don't know, hardly anybody knows—what a tragedy it was"

"Good God!" Stedman looked at the great critic with respectful interest. "Is that so? Of course, I knew he was pretty good, but——"

"Good! Ah, well, you couldn't tell. But I tell you—that last book of his showed his real power if you knew where to look for it. Marvellous! I don't think he realised it himself even, but it was there. My God, it was there! Another few years. . . ."

He relapsed into gloomy meditation and the Stilton. "I suppose it was you who did the memoir?" asked Stedman, after a pause.

"Yes," said Phelps. "And by the way, there was a damn funny coincidence about that—damn funny. Of course, I had it all stacked at the office—one keeps it there, y'know, in case of accidents—they pride themselves on having the whole thing in the paper the next morning. Well, I'd sent for it only the day before he was killed—after reading that last book of his I knew I hadn't nearly done him justice, and I wanted to shove in a lot more. Blasted nuisance—I had to do it all in about two hours and rush the thing back to the office the same evening. But it *was* a rum coincidence, wasn't it?"

THE END.

Some phrases seldom ring true

"I remain, your obedient servant"

but

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

JAGUAR

Writing on the Jaguar models, the Hon. Maynard Greville said in "Country Life," "... for some time S.S. have been producing vehicles of the highest class with a performance that challenges anything in the world." Many similar tributes have been paid to the Jaguar range, and there is no question that the 1938 models are the finest Jaguars yet produced. 1½ litre saloon £298 (drophead - £318). 2½ litre saloon £395 (drophead - £415). 3½ litre saloon £445 (drophead - £465).

S.S. CARS LTD., COVENTRY. LONDON SHOWROOMS: HENLYS LTD., DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1

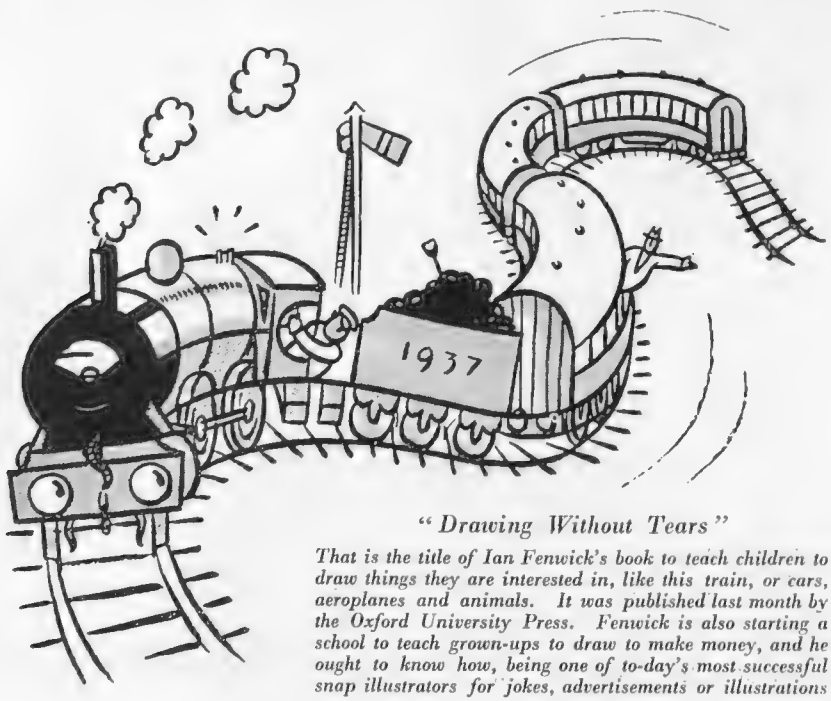
The "Bystander" Bookshelf

A Little of Everything

By Alan Thomas

SALUTE to Booth Tarkington for his delightfully amusing novel, *Rumbin Galleries* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Mr. Rumbin is a New York art dealer of the Potash-and-Perlmutter brand, who soon makes it plain to his newly engaged, somewhat dumb but aristocratic-looking assistant, Howard Cattlet, that an art dealer's job is not knowing pictures but knowing human nature. And the rest of the book is a demonstration of this truth. In Mr. Rumbin's view it nearly always pays to be honest. Or, as he himself puts it: "In a art business, when comes a oppatunity you can act complete a hog, you should a few times only give temptation a half a kiss." To make a huge profit on the sale—or, rather, on the "placing"—of an old masterpiece with a famous art gallery, when the picture in question has already been half-promised to a client, is not the sort of game that Rumbin plays: he prefers to keep his client (though it means taking less on the masterpiece) and hold the gallery in play. On the other hand, there may be occasions when honesty should obviously yield to expediency: to give a straightforward opinion on a collection of pictures owned by a relative of one of your best clients—a straightforward opinion, mind you, when the pictures are all fakes—is clearly not good business. But how if it turns out that the client is intent on buying the collection himself on the strength of Rumbin's word? . . . These are the kind of problems that Rumbin has to tackle. Under his shrewd and benign guidance the business prospers and "celeries" are raised. A touch of romance is added to this agreeable story by Rumbin's other assistant, Miss Georgina Horne, who takes the best part of three hundred pages to bring young Howard up to scratch. But it is Rumbin's personality that dominates the book.

NICHOLAS BLAKE, in his new detective story, *The Beast Must Die* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*), achieves the incredible. By which I do not mean that his story is incredible: that goes without saying, for, of course, all detective stories are incredible. No; what I mean is that he breaks new ground—at least, so far as my experience goes. "I am going to kill a man," starts off the narrator-diarist at the beginning of Chapter I. "I don't know his name, I don't know where he lives, I have no idea what he looks like. But I am going to find him and kill him. . . ." The prospective victim, we soon learn, is a criminally careless motorist who has run over and killed the narrator's son and did not stop. The police have already failed to trace the callous villain and have more or less thrown in their hand. And so the childless father sets to work. Gifted with something more than average intelligence (was he not a professional writer of detective stories?) and not unassisted by luck (yes, Mr. Blake, I do think he was rather lucky in his encounter with that stranger by the water-splash), he succeeded in tracking down his man. And the next job is to take him for a ride. All of which struck me as pretty good pioneering work in territory that one had always imagined had been thoroughly explored. What happens I naturally leave you to find out. . . . Mr. Blake combines an easy style with scholarship, plus a little indefinable something in the way of personality that others haven't got. I liked the book.



"Drawing Without Tears"

That is the title of Ian Fenwick's book to teach children to draw things they are interested in, like this train, or cars, aeroplanes and animals. It was published last month by the Oxford University Press. Fenwick is also starting a school to teach grown-ups to draw to make money, and he ought to know how, being one of to-day's most successful snap illustrators for jokes, advertisements or illustrations

THE latest brood of sixpenny Penguins includes two Penguin Specials; that is to say, books of urgent topical importance published within as soon as may be after the manuscript has been received. The first I refer to here is *Blackmail or War*, by the famous diplomatic editor of *L'Œuvre*, Madame Geneviève Tabouis. Her thesis is that the democracies ought not to let matters drift until the worst happens. They ought to show a bold and united front. If England, France and Russia really get together—that is to say, co-ordinate their diplomatic action and intensify their military efforts—there is no reason for alarm. The book is illustrated with forty drawings by Joss of the *Star*. The other Penguin Special is *Mussolini's Roman Empire*, by G. T. Garratt, who was special correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian* during the Abyssinian War, and spent most of last year in Spain. He thinks we are underrating Mussolini's ambitions for the Mediterranean and don't realise all there is at stake. Among the more notable Pelican Books—also published at sixpence each by Penguin Books, Ltd.—are R. H. Tawney's *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*; *Civilisation*, by Clive Bell; *Ur of the Chaldees*, by Sir Leonard Woolley; and the third volume of Elie Halévy's *A History of the English People*. Remarkable birds, these Pelicans and Penguins.

I DON'T agree with the publishers in calling Elinor Mordaunt's new novel, *Pity of the World* (Michael Joseph; 7*s.* 6*d.*), a "powerful story of human passions and ambition." That is pitching it too high. I would sooner bank on the text from Conrad which Mrs. Mordaunt quotes at the beginning:—"My task . . . is, by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel—it is, before all, to make you *see*." In the tale she has told the characters come out very bold and clear: Charles Fleming, a sahib who has married below his station and is making a hard living in Kenya; Molly, his wife, who is the daughter of a jerry-builder and has more guts and patience and real worth than ever her unreliable husband had; Sally, their daughter, whom we watch from childhood, gradually taking the family responsibilities on to her own shoulders, even to the exclusion of a suitor; and—most poignant of all—Sally's idiot brother, whom his mother and sister love and his father despises. It is the impact of these people on one another and on their African surroundings, rather than any particular qualities of drama or plot, that distinguishes this work.

FROM the pen of Mr. Edward C. Ash, well-known writer on dogs, comes *The New Book of the Dog* (Cassell; 25*s.*). This is a comprehensive work on the history, pedigree, breeding and treatment of dogs. The first section of the book, dealing with the domesticated dog and its origin, is the part that will make most appeal to the general reader. After that the author takes us into more technical ground—the classification of dogs, the practical side of breeding, canine diseases, and so forth. In the preparation of this volume Mr. Ash has had the assistance of leading breeders both in this country and in America. His book is copiously illustrated, well indexed and altogether excellently produced.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Evening dresses this season may be divided into two distinct types—the picturesque and the sophisticated. With the former, full Victorian skirts billow from small tight waists, while bare shoulders accentuate the charm of a swan-like neck. This romantic trend is reflected in the picture frock on the right from the model gown salons at Woollands, Knightsbridge. It is made in lacquered organza, painted in shades of red, green, yellow and gold on a white ground. This firm is showing an interesting collection of new spring models, some of which are illustrated in their catalogue which will gladly be sent free to all who write for it. One charming dinner frock is in black lace with a net yoke and short puff sleeves. The full godet skirt flares from the knees, accentuating the slender hipline, while a spray of flowers adds a touch of colour to the waistline

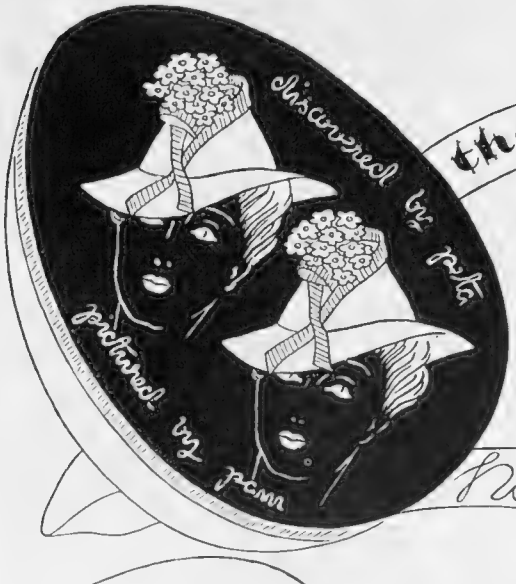
Scott Bushe

Spring Cruise

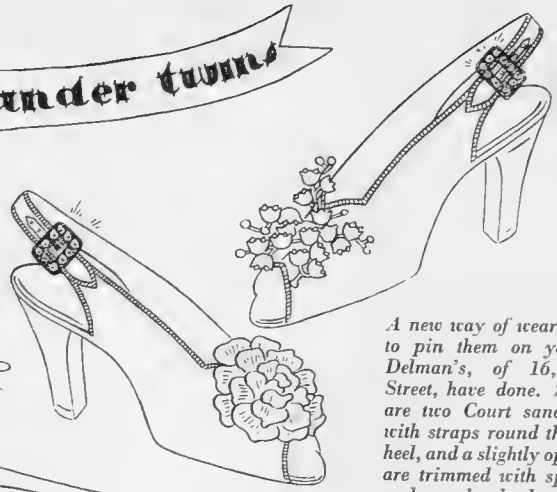
There is a drowsy air of contentment about the girl above, who is sitting basking in the sun. She is wearing a dressmaker suit and coat in printed cotton with a blue-and-white bramble design, which she bought at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street. The coat by itself cost 45s. 9d., and the suit 35s. 9d. Her coolie hat is in coarse straw, embroidered with tropical flowers worked in coloured wool

Prolonged exposure to sun and sea will often have a disastrous effect on a woman's complexion, unless she protects it with Yardley's (33, Old Bond Street) creams and lotions. Their fitted travelling-case, which is shown on the right, only costs thirty shillings and sixpence, and contains everything necessary for the care of the skin. At night the face, neck and arms should be thoroughly washed with Liquefying Cleansing Cream, which removes every trace of dirt. This should be followed by gentle massage with Skin Food to keep the skin young and prevent it from drying up in the hot sun. Patting with Toning Lotion in the morning will stimulate the circulation and invigorate the tissues, while those who want to get brown without blistering should apply Yardley's Suntan Oil. It is sold separately from the beauty-box, and costs half a crown. For a fair, sensitive skin, there is the new Suntan Cream, or a Sunproof Lotion which prevents burning or freckling, and is, incidentally, waterproof

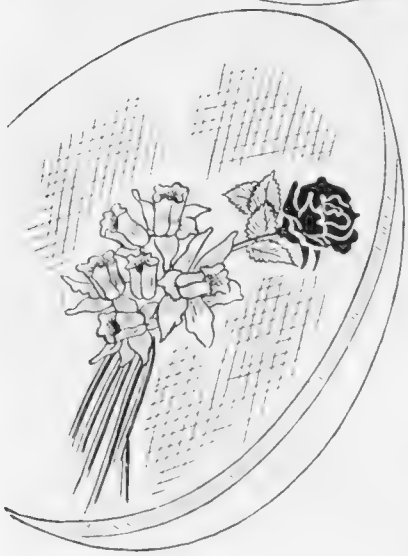
Scott Bushe



the bystander twins in search of novelties



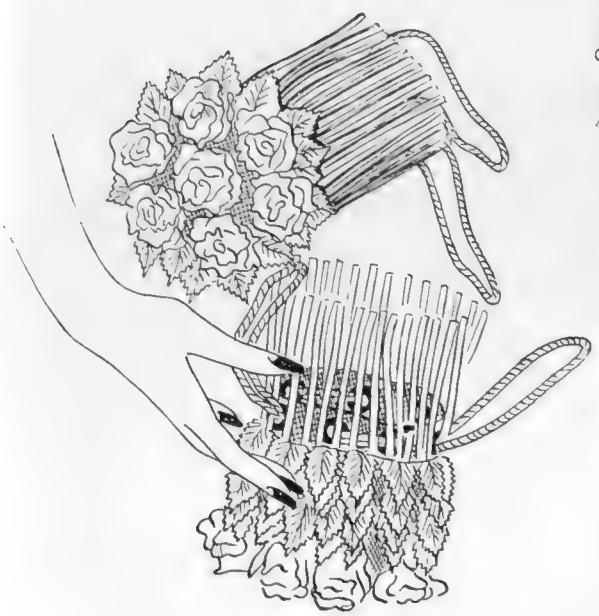
A new way of wearing flowers is to pin them on your shoes as Delman's, of 16, Old Bond Street, have done. Sketched here are two Court sandals in satin with straps round the back of the heel, and a slightly open toe. They are trimmed with spring flowers and can be dyed to any colour



Send your friends an Easter egg and fill it with a boutonnière from Marjorie Castle, 55, Grosvenor Street. A bunch of daffodils with a single dark red rose is sketched on the left. The two colours are very effective and would brighten up the quietest suit

There is charm and distinction about this Edwardian hat from Marjorie Castle. It is made in coarse bronze-green straw, massed with yellow jonquils, and is particularly becoming with the new brushed-up coiffure. The two lovebirds perched on the brim add a touch of originality

Flowers in the hair are always becoming, and Strassner, of 48, South Audley Street, has designed this exotic head-dress in black spotted veiling with a spray of shaded roses. It perches lightly on the hair and adds a spectacular note to a sophisticated dinner frock



Say it with flowers this Easter, and let them be gay and colourful like this bouquet of roses from Marjorie Castle. It is really a handbag and would look charming carried with a printed summer frock, or a romantic evening dress. Pink moss roses are an attractive alternative to the yellow buds sketched

If violets are your favourite flowers, take a large bunch and spread them out, graduating the stalks. Then tie them round your neck with a piece of black velvet ribbon so that they form a jabot on your evening dress. The effect is quite enchanting

Air Time-Table for 1938

By Charles Ward

A study in expression—two mechanics of the Auxiliary Air Force fitting a bomb to a Westland "Wapiti," whilst the sergeant registers a mixture of encouragement and sarcasm

The Trail of a "Comet"

CLOUSTON and Ricketts have shown the world that a British aeroplane and engines, although four years old and a rebuilt job at that, can create records that would be extremely difficult to equal even with modern equipment. Clouston's navigation, without the aid of radio, was magnificent. He depended entirely on dead reckoning and made his landfall at every one of the nineteen halts for refuelling. Differences in longitude, and therefore time, were checked by having one clock showing Greenwich mean time, and two watches, one working on G.M.T. and the other on local time. The last day's flight was a tremendous effort—from Basra on the Persian Gulf at 10 o'clock on Friday night, to Croydon by 5.40 on Saturday afternoon. Three thousand three hundred miles in 19 hours, with stops at Cairo and Marseilles for petrol, oil, a few oranges and cold water. On the outward journey to New Zealand, average speed was 190 and on the homeward flight 184 miles an hour. The "Comet" is entirely a de Havilland product, with Gipsy Six Series II. engines and de Havilland controllable pitch air-screws. Fuel arrangements were in the hands of the Anglo-American Oil Company, and through them, their associated companies abroad. Oil, without which no engine can function at all, was Wakefield's Castrol XXL, a lubricant that seems destined to smooth the way for most record-breakers. Finally, millions of sparks by K.L.G. caused Clouston to remark, somewhat grimly, after the ordeal of the journey—"Not a miss was heard—not a funeral note."

Faster to the Continent

WHILST we plan high-speed services to all the capitals of Europe, as recommended by the Cadman Committee, other nations are not making our task in the race for commercial air supremacy any easier. Friendly competition, such as that which exists between Imperials, British Airways and Air France on the Paris route, is all to the good. The rival attractions of comfort and/or speed with safety appeal in turn to the same travellers. The amazing record of the "Hannibal"-class liners may never be beaten—certainly the H.P.42 set a standard for comfort and reliability that no one else has been able to equal. Now Air France has brought a new liner into service for its passenger routes. London-Paris is scheduled for 75 minutes, and on the first delivery flight, this time was kept with ease. The liner cruised at 195 miles an hour, rather more than average, owing to a strong head-wind. Sixteen passengers are carried, each with a window, a ventilator and an electric reading-lamp. There is a new type exhaust-operated heater, which maintains a constant temperature in the cabin. Lufthansa, the German combine, has two new types about to go on service—a Junkers and a Focke-Wulf, both cruising at 200 miles an hour or more. Our own contribution to higher speeds must await the "Albatross" and the "Ensign." The former should be in use by June, and some of the "Ensigns" will no doubt take their place on Croydon tarmac by the end of the summer, which is two years later than planned, but this is the fault of rearmament and very bad luck for Imperial Airways.

According to Bradshaw

ACCORDING to Bradshaw, whose International Air Guide is indispensable to up-to-date travellers, alterations in timing and new services have never before been so numerous. Having dealt previously with the acceleration on Empire routes, there are a few others to note to-day. Royal Dutch is saving a day between Amsterdam and Batavia; Budapest and Rome are seven and nine hours respectively from London. British Airways are connecting us with Stockholm in seven hours, which shows 90 minutes saving on last year's schedule. Air France links Marseilles with Indo-China in five and a half days; Sabena, the Belgian company, flies from London to Prague in 4½ hours. Cargo by air has been carried since the earliest days of flying. Perishable goods, fragile articles, gold, securities and live-stock are freight most often handled at the airports. The British company which is specialising in freight-haulage is International Air Freight, Ltd., using 'planes that are noted for their capacity and weight-lifting qualities. One of them, a Curtiss "Condor," the original "sleeper" as used in the air in the States, arrived at Croydon the other day with hundreds of birds, animals and fish. Though it's no novelty for a bird to fly through the air, it must be rather fun to rely on someone else's wings, though it seems doubtful whether each bird had a window through which to gaze upon the world below. Bystanders at Croydon were all agreed that none of the inmates of the flying zoo appeared any the worse for their journey from Amsterdam in two and a half hours.

The goodsplane has found its greatest market in Canada, South America and New Guinea, for transporting machinery to the mining camps, with personnel and precious metals as return freight.

Light 'Planes and Gliders

SOME interesting facts and figures were quoted by Mr. Lindsay Everard, M.P., chairman of the Royal Aero Club, at its annual meeting. Numbers of privately-owned aircraft remain almost stationary between 650 and 700, whilst the total number of civil 'planes on Lloyd's List approaches 1700. Current "A" licences at the end of last year numbered 4694, and commercial, or "B," licences, 879, both of which are small totals by comparison with German figures. A very much larger number could be trained at the clubs, given Air Ministry support, and pilots who attain a certain standard or show sufficient promise should be encouraged to put in more time, especially on cross-country work. Gliding is administered by the Royal Aero Club—certificates issued in 1937 totalled 575. At Dunstable ten days ago, I counted twelve sail-'planes in the air at one time.

"Corsair" takes the water at Hamble after an overhaul. She is one of Imperial Airways' fleet of thirty flying-boats that carry the mails to South Africa, India and the Far East

Help yourself . . and please yourself

"Help yourself to Cigarettes." As a business woman and hostess I know that invitation to be a most useful conversational opening . . . . . particularly if the Cigarettes are Player's, because "all the world and his wife" seem to prefer Player's, either "Medium" or "Mild." So I always offer a box of each with the injunction "Help yourself and please yourself" knowing for certain they will.

BOTH BLENDS ARE CORK-TIPPED OR PLAIN 10 FOR 6D 20 FOR 11½D

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD

N.C.C. 420 N

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

The Chrysler "Royal" Saloon, seen here with Miss Dorothy Dickson, is described by Mr. Hess this week

NEXT Saturday's race for the British Empire Trophy, which is to be run at Donington Park by the British Racing Drivers' Club, is the first important British race of the year, and if the entry for this event is an augury for the 1938 season, the barometer is indeed set fair. Twenty-seven entries have been received—strangely enough, precisely the same number as last year—but the quality of the entry is even better than was the case in 1937.

Hadley and Dodson will drive Austins; Nickols and Everitt will oppose them in M.G.s; three Rileys will run, these being handled by the redoubtable Maclure, Gerrard, and Gee; while Villoresi will represent the Scuderia Ambrosiana of Italy, and de Graffenried, Hanson, and Wakefield will also compete in Maseratis. No fewer than seven E.R.A.s will be there, "Bira," Rolt (a newcomer to this marque), Cotton and Tongue being the "independents" who will drive them, the works being represented by Lord Howe and Raymond Mays. The Scott-Bugatti which went faster backwards than forwards at the opening meeting at the Crystal Palace last year, now having got completely out of the hands of the man who drove it that day, has been entered by a newcomer named Souter, who has nominated one A. Hutchinson as co-driver. Count Heyden has entered two Delahayes, one of which will be driven by J. Paul (the other driver has not been named at the time of writing, but may turn out to be Schell), while a lone 2984-c.c. Delage will appear in the hands of L. Gerrard. As to the "Heavy Metal," the Alfa-Romeo entry holds much of promise, four cars of this make having been entered, the drivers being Snow, partnered by Featherstonhaugh, Kenneth Evans, E. M. and Mrs. Thomas, and Hans Ruesch.

The race is expected to be appreciably faster than ever before, as a result of the improvements to the course which have been effected during the winter, based upon advice from the Germans who came over last October to compete in the International Grand Prix. Thus, to enable drivers to delay braking to the last split-second when rushing down to the acute Melbourne Hairpin, the steep down-grade of Melbourne Hill has been eased considerably. Similarly, the uphill section which follows the corner and immediately precedes the pit-area has also been rendered less precipitous, with the result that the pits will now be brought into the drivers' range of vision in sufficient time for them to judge their braking accurately when drawing in for fuel or adjustments.

The pits themselves are now separated from the circuit proper by a thirty-foot wide service road which has a distinct entrance and exit, so that cars in at the pits will be well out of the way of those passing at speed

(*Concluded on page* viii)

TENOVA SOCKS stay up

The ultimate stage of sock evolution, Tenova socks are sock and suspender all in one piece. They need no adjustment, no attention. The band at the top, containing Lastex yarn, keeps them always comfortably up. And naturally, when the socks go to the laundry, the band goes too. For town, 3/6, 4/6, 5/6 and 7/6. For tennis, from 3/6. For golf, 7/6. For evening, 7/6 and 12/6. Obtainable from good shops for men.

TENOVA self-supporting socks

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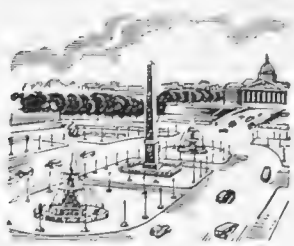
Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 70, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.1



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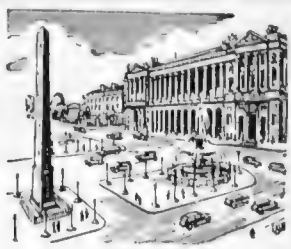

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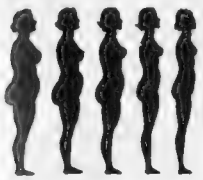
How often have you heard someone say "I do wish I could slim"? Or wished it yourself, realising that fat is ugly and ageing? It is also a danger, for it puts extra strain on the whole body. It is quite unnecessary for you to put up with superfluous fat for there is an easy and pleasant way to keep your figure youthful and improve your looks at the same time. Just take Natex Tonic Slimming Food regularly.

SEE HOW EXCESS FAT GOES WHILE YOU EAT. Between the first and the last figures there is 42 lbs. difference in weight. 42 lbs. of unhealthy, burdensome, figure-spoiling, unnecessary FAT! These figures show the progress of your slimming when you take Natex. It gets rid of fat, safely and surely, while you eat. We must say quite clearly that Natex is not a drug. It is a tonic slimming food that acts by re-invigorating the thyroid gland with the organic food it needs to help the absorption of fat. That is why Natex is the *sensible* and *natural* way to slim.



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1. Loses Fat. Reduces at the safe rate of 2-4 lbs. weekly. 2. Improves your Looks. Keeps your complexion clear because it banishes poisons. 3. Increases your Vim. As you lose weight you gain vigour and health. Give Natex a trial yourself. Get it at your Chemist or Health Food Stores. Take it regularly for a few weeks and you will find that your frocks will soon become loose at the hips, you'll take smaller sizes, you'll no longer look with envy at the slimmer figures of other women. You'll have a slimmer, younger figure yourself.

Natex is obtainable from Chemists and Health Food Stores **2/-, 5/6** and **9/6.**

FREE. *The Truth about How to Slim and Stay Slim.* If you want further evidence of what Natex can do for you, send for this free booklet. It tells in simple terms exactly how and why Natex slims and gives the experience of women in all walks of life. Enclose only 1½d. stamp for postage. Send to Modern Health Products Ltd., 188, Natex House, 88, Lingham Street, London, W.1.

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A New

Dorothy Dodd

Model for Spring

From America

Chez

Promenade Shoe, with open toe and slit high vamp in the new tan kid, also fawn, beige kid, blue kid and black patent.

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Now is the time when your face and hands need careful attention if you are to look your loveliest in the outdoor days ahead. Make sure, with the simple aid of Larola, that you have removed every trace of wintertime roughness, coarseness or chaps. Let this delightful skin tonic heal, feed and build up the tissues to resist the effects of the boisterous spring winds and summer sun. There is nothing so efficacious for the skin as Larola. Use it regularly and note how it softens, smoothes, whitens—how it beautifies the face, hands and arms and solves your greatest toilet problems. Larola—the choice of particular women—is absolutely pure and free of all pore-clogging, gummy ingredients.

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Write for a copy of the interesting Larola Booklet "The Cult of Beauty" post free.

Motoring Commentary

(*Continued from page vi*)

The drivers of the cars not stopping at their pits are required to keep to the left of a white line in the road placed parallel with, and ten feet from, the service road, thus keeping the entrance and exit free from obstruction. On the far side of the course, in the woods between McLean's and Coppice Corners, the width of the road has been almost doubled and the overhanging trees have been cut back, as a result of which passing on this section will be much easier than before.

***Mrs. Kay Petre** follows Earl Howe's example in making a rapid and plucky return to the race track after a serious accident*

LET me say at once that I am very much impressed by the Chrysler "Royal" saloon. It is elegant, extremely commodious and rides comfortably in the front seats—I cannot speak of the rear-seat comfort, for I did not put this to the test personally—and the suspension is extraordinarily smooth. The engine is sweet, silent and powerful, although I did not have an opportunity to exceed 75 m.p.h. with it. The way in which this car holds the road when swinging round a quite sharp curve at 65 m.p.h. is an immediate indictment of those critics of American-designed cars who say that they all roll ominously when cornering fast.

I found that the automatic overdrive gave me very economical running for a car of 27·3 h.p., but I could not help wondering whether the batteries received as much input of current with this type of transmission.

I have criticised a number of cars tested recently for the divided rear light, on the score that the strip down the centre of the rear window makes rearward visibility a somewhat hit-and-miss attribute. The Chrysler "Royal" does not entirely escape this criticism, although here the division does not interfere so badly as in some other cars I have driven. I must single out for mention the very excellent lights. These are so good that when they are dimmed the driver notices very little difference. So much is this so, indeed, that I had to satisfy my curiosity by getting out and walking towards the car first with the headlights full on and then with them dimmed. If the driver notices very little difference, this does not mean that oncoming motorists suffer as a consequence, for the foot-dimmer does its work most effectually. Maybe I was wrong, but I got the impression—rare with American cars—that the Chrysler "Royal" was a trifle over-bodied. The top-gear performance was very good, judged by general standards, but not so noticeably accommodating "low down" as many cars of over 27 horse-power.

This Chrysler costs £445 with standard cloth finish and £20 more with English trim, and I can recommend it thoroughly to those motorists who have need to travel long distances fast or, alternatively, to those who wish to "potter." It is a big car but astonishingly docile, and very definitely the overdrive transmission eliminates the one cause for criticism of most 27-h.p. cars—petrol-consumption; for with this drive in operation another 3½ miles per gallon can be obtained at a steady 45 m.p.h.

Erratum

The Wolseley Motor Company has asked us to explain that in a recent advertisement of theirs in the "Bystander," their insertion of a 'the' in the phrase 'over-riding hounds' was a mistake. It has caused mortification among Wolseley's advertising executives, who wish to wipe away any impression of an error of phraseological taste.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON

APRIL

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (1938)

At Wentworth

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (14th year), at Wentworth, will be played, by kind invitation of the Club, on the East and Centre Courses, on Tuesday, May 3rd, 1938.

Holders: Miss Kathleen Garnham and Mrs. A. H. Gilligan.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30; play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will *not* be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the Bystander reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries, to be made on the accompanying form, limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts if they will kindly notify Miss Helme in writing, giving full particulars of the new partner.

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three-and-a-half hours later than their first round. Play will be over thirty-six holes, eighteen holes on the East Course and eighteen on the Centre Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Friday, April 22nd, or earlier if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor on April 25th.

The Directors of the Bystander reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the East Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Centre Course. Prizes for the best handicap aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the East Course and on the Centre Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tying couples over the East Course; ties for the eighteen-hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tying cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. **No card taken out in the second round can compete for an eighteen-hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first-round card.**

The Entry Form is on the left.

WENTWORTH **NO ENTRANCE FEE**

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the Bystander Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, April 22nd, 1938.

The "BYSTANDER" One-Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (14th Year)

To be played at Wentworth, Tuesday, May 3rd, 1938.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.*.....

To play in the above Foursomes at Wentworth, with

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* .....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.*.....

Our opponents will be

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... and *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents.

If that time is not already taken, we should like to start the first round at.....*or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about*.....

(No starting time can be allotted before 9 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

Printed in England by The Illustrated London News & Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., at 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—Wednesday, April 6, 1938. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.
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No woman will allow her lingerie to be the Cinderella of her wardrobe once her eyes fall on "Yolande." We got "Yolande" in Puerto Rico, and in Puerto Rico the way slim hands ply fine needles is high art. We're so sure you'll fall very hard for "Yolande" we've prepared a "Yolande" hamper for you to treasure it in. You'll fold the pieces and put them away gently, then take them out miser-like, divided as to whether to wear them, or to feel and look at them and marvel. It has thrilled us so much we've given it a shop of its own—"The Yolande Shop." Rich Satins, crêpe de Chines, Ninons. Luxurious Nightdresses **30/-**. Evening & day Cami-knickers **25/-**. Plain & lace-trimmed Satin Slips **30/-**. Panties **12/6**. Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd., London, S.W.1.

"Yolande" Lingerie Shop opens with a very special "Yolande Week."

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If you select face powder for its fineness of texture its colour and purity . . . . If you insist on powder that imparts a smooth matt finish and warm tinted glow, you will find among the sixteen perfect HÉLÈNE shades, a powder that is exactly right for you. From the perfumery Salon for 3/6 and 5/6

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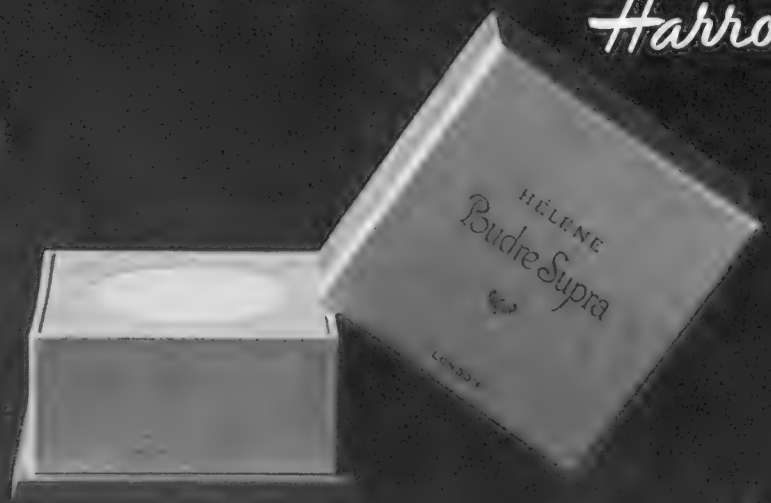

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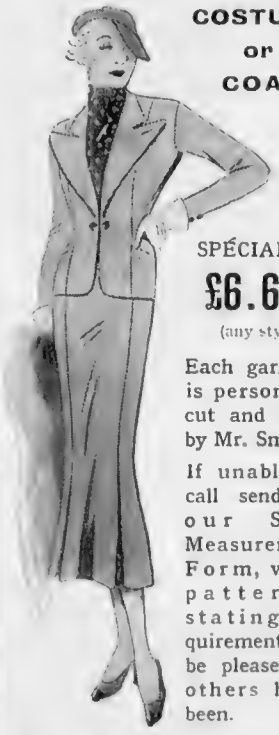

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(any style)

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Only address:

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Sherry

72/- per doz. bottles, carriage paid.
Sample bottle post free, 6/-

If your merchant does not stock it, write direct to:—

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CROOKED TOES

Dr. Scholl's Toe Flex relieves pain and gradually straightens bone: permanent correction. Comfortable to wear. All Chemists & Dr. Scholl's Depots. Price 1/6 each.
Dr. Scholl's TOE FLEX.

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THE BYSTANDER

when replying to their announcements

"Veebex" LEATHER

gives slipper comfort in Golf & Sports Shoes

Your usual dealer can supply

Light and easy to the tenderest feet, this flexible chrome upper leather is extremely smart in appearance and thoroughly waterproof.
Golf and Sports Shoes with "Veebex" Uppers can be obtained in the well-known "Oral" "Royal and Ancient" and many other brands.
Look for the "Veebex" label on every pair.
W. PAUL LTD. OAK TANNERY LEEDS

Getting Married : The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Pearl Freeman

Georgina Farnall Thurston

Is the third daughter of the late Flt. Comdr. Farnall Thurston and Mrs. Thurston, of Friary Wood, Hinton Charterhouse, near Bath; she is to marry Roger Ling, son of the late J. R. Ling and Mrs. Ling, of 98, Sydney Place, Bath

Pearl Freeman

Leila Porter

Is the only child of Lt.-Col. Adrian Porter, late King's Messenger, and Mrs. Porter, of 57, Meriden Court, Manor Street, S.W.3, and is to marry Courtenay Edward Stevens, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Courtenay Stevens, of 42, Sheffield Terrace, W.8

Catherine Bell

Betty Patricia Markes

Is the younger daughter of the late Major John Carlon Markes and Mrs. Markes, of 34, Emperor's Gate, S.W.7; she is engaged to Bernard Brian St. G. Daly, son of Capt. and Mrs. Bernard Daly, of Templeogue House, Co. Dublin

Navarri

Mrs. A. W. Granger

The marriage took place last Saturday of Sally Auger, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Auger, of 21, Dorset Road, S.W.19, to Albert Granger, P.A.S.I., of Chilthorne, Brook Gardens, Kingston Hill

Vandyk

Diana Mary Whittaker

Is the daughter of the late John Whittaker and Mrs. Whittaker, of Dean's Orchard, Mere, Wilts.; she is to marry John Elliott, of Bryn Glas, Northop, Flintshire, son of the late Dr. and Mrs. Elliott, of Chester

Yevonde

Frances Hartley

Frances Margaret Tattersall Hartley, daughter of the late Dr. Francis William Hartley and Mrs. Hartley, of Holly Bank, Heywood, is engaged to Charles Clapham, son of the late C. H. Clapham and Mrs. Clapham, of Torquay, Devon

Lenare

Diana Mary Orlebar

Is the youngest daughter of the Rev. E. Y. and Mrs. Orlebar, of Crawley Park, Bletchley; she is engaged to Eric Michael Streatfeild, son of the late Sidney Streatfeild and Mrs. Streatfeild, of 8, Cheyne Court, S.W.3

Bassano

Mary Marsh

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Marsh, of Idover House, Dauntsey, Chippenham; she is engaged to Charles Shepley-Cuthbert, son of the late Captain D. Shepley-Cuthbert and Mrs. Cuthbert, of Gamesley House, Glossop

Pearl Freeman

Ursula Margaret Harris

Is the second daughter of Col. and Mrs. H. H. M. Harris, of The Cairnies, Camberley, and has announced her engagement to Capt. Randolph Henry Innes Hopkins, 19th Hyderabad Regiment, of the Staff College, Camberley, only son of the late Captain Randolph Hopkins and Mrs. Yates

Lenare

Mary Scott

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Scott, of Jacutinga, Chesham Bois, and is engaged to Giles Newenham Jerry Hoare, of 22, Collingham Gardens, S.W.5, only child of the late Captain W. J. Hoare, D.S.O., and the late Mrs. Alix Hoare

Tunbridge

Olive Mary Laidler

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. Francis Laidler, of Park Mansions, Knightsbridge; she is to marry, at the end of this month, Charles Paslew Rishworth, only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. I. C. Rishworth, of Aldburgh Hall, Masham, Yorks.

Stuart Hamilton

Patience Varley

Is the younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Varley, of 21, Cadogan Place, S.W.1; she is to marry Edward John Lowes, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lowes, of Charlwood House, Crawley

(Concluded on page D)

(Continued from page C)

Cannons of Hollywood

Mrs. Imogen Soldatenkov

Mrs. Imogen Soldatenkov, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hay Matthey, of Laywell, Brixham, Devon, is engaged to Reay Geddes, third son of the late Sir Eric Geddes and Lady Geddes, of Aldbourne Place, Hassocks, Sussex

Cannons of Hollywood

Jean Mary Forsyth

Is the only daughter of the late Neil Forsyth and Mrs. Forsyth, of 149, Park West, W.2, and is engaged to marry William Emsley Carr, younger son of Sir Emsley and Lady Carr, of Wonford, Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey

Pearl Freeman

Mary Elizabeth Fuller

Is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fuller, of Great Chalfield, Melksham, Wiltshire, and is to marry Patrick John Salvin Boyle, Royal Scots Fusiliers, elder son of the late Capt. the Hon. James Boyle and Viscountess Trenchard, of Dancers Hill House, Barnet, Herts.

Tucker — Napier

Charles Richard Tucker, the York and Lancaster Regiment, only son of the Rev. A. R. and Mrs. Tucker, of Leasingham Rectory, Sleaford, Lincs., married Helen Margaret Napier at Christ Church, Crookham, Hants. She is the only daughter of the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Napier, of Briarly, Church Crookham

Barnett — Llewellyn

Captain Frank Henry Wheate Barnett, 60th Rifles, eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. George Barnett, of Glympton Park, Woodstock, and Julia Ysobel Llewellyn, youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Arthur Llewellyn, of Bewdley, and niece of Miss Byrne, of 21, Basil Mansions, S.W., were married at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street

Geoffrey Farrer Kennedy, of Dorset Mews, Wilton Street, S.W., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Kennedy, of Bramley, near Guildford, married Daska Ivanovic-Banaz at the Caxton Hall register office. She is the stepdaughter of Mr. Bono Banaz, of Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia. A reception was held at the Dorchester

Dewar-Durie — Maule

At Chelsea Old Church Captain Raymond Dewar-Durie, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of Mr. and Mrs. Nugent Dewar-Durie, of Cheltenham, married Wendy St. John Maule, only child of Colonel and Mrs. H. St. John Maule, of Rocklands, Weston, Bath

De Pree — Haig-Thomas

Hugh Veitch De Pree and Enid Haig-Thomas were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is the only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. De Pree, of Beech Hill, Haddington; she is the only daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Peter Haig-Thomas, of The Grange, Goring, Oxon

Kennedy — Ivanovic

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PERMANENT STEAM WAVING

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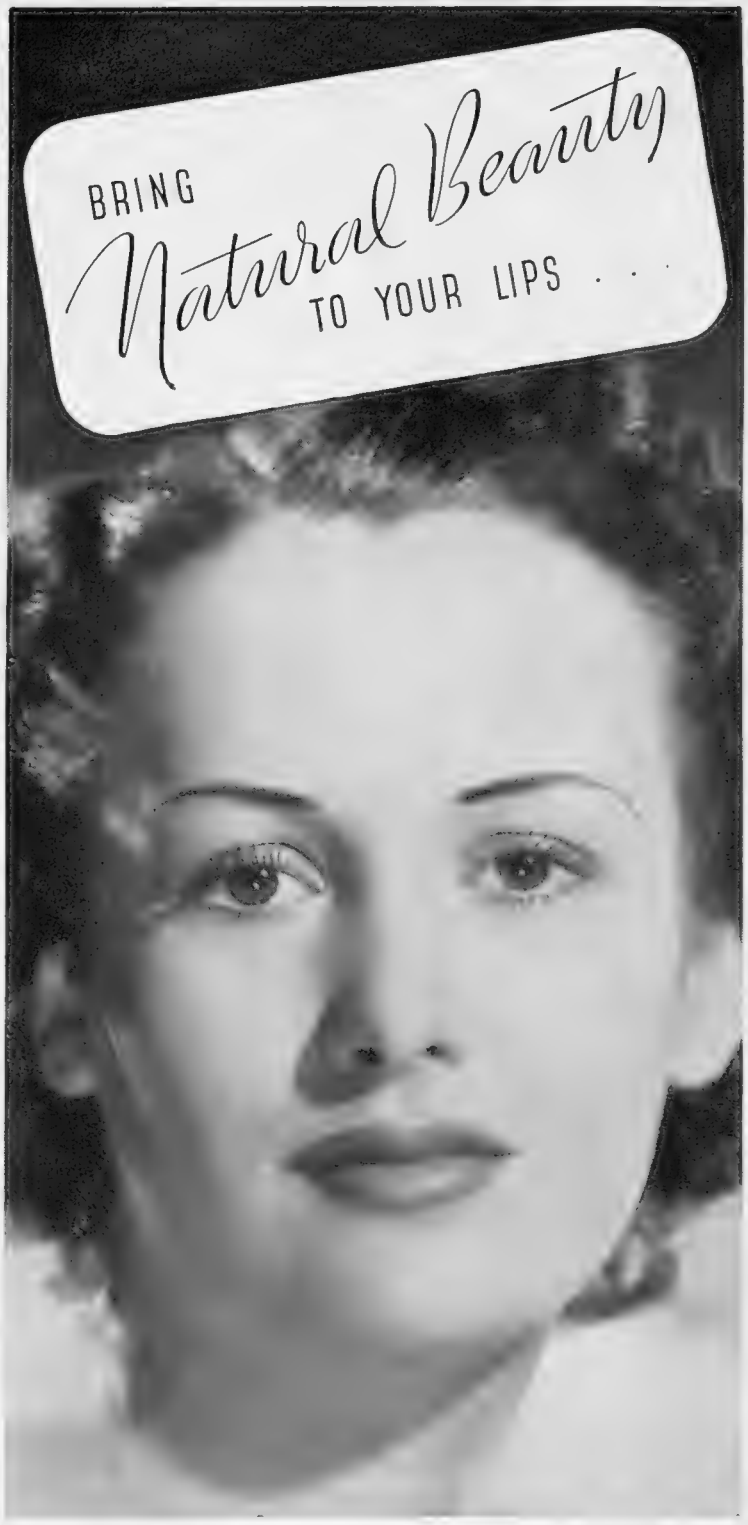

. . . with TANGEE'S magic colour-change principle. Nature intended lips to be lovely, provocative—and Fashion dictates that loveliness lies in *natural colouring*. Remember—Tangee Theatrical gives those who prefer it more colour for evening wear. Tangee rouges and face powders blend perfectly with these exquisite lipsticks.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

April 6—April 12

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

DODSWORTH.—Sinclair Lewis's book is transposed to the stage without enough skill but is skilfully acted by Gladys Cooper as the unpleasant Fran and Philip Merivale as Sam: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FLOOD TIDE.—A promising plot from an A. P. Herbert novel is not as gripping as it should be, but is well played by Ernest Thesiger, Basil Sydney, Ann Todd, Margaretta Scott: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT.—A powerful and topical play about individuals who get caught in the war machine; Raymond Massey, Tamara Geva, with excellent support: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE ISLAND.—Officers under fire from wives' tongues find it a strain to be always gentlemen; excellent background for a strong man by Godfrey Tearle; and other good portrayals: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE KING OF NOWHERE.—In Bridie's play about the borderlines of personal and political sanity, Marda Vanne plays a dominating spinster, Laurence Olivier a deranged actor who would be a dictator: Old Vic, 8. (not Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE PAINTED SMILE.—Walter Hudd and Greta Gynt in a play about circus life: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30

POWER AND GLORY.—Oskar Homolka plays a doctor who dictates his terms for saving mankind, C. V. France supports: Savoy, 8.30.

ROAD TO GANDAHAR.—A would-be melodrama in Persia, strong men, strong drink, strong explosive, Lilli Palmer, Malcolm Keen, Martin Walker: Garrick, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—Edith Evans and Owen Nares, well supported, in a sincere and stimulating exposition of careers *v.* married happiness, by St. John Ervine: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE THREE SISTERS.—A strong, sensitive production of Chekhov with Carol Goodner, Peggy Ashcroft, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as the three, Gielgud as Vershinin, Redgrave as Tusenbach: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOSS OF A COIN.—Marion Lorne just as good as ever, in a plot and setting not up to Hackett standard: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley excellent as Victoria, settings by Whistler: Lyric (not Mon.), 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand-matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse (not Mon.), 8.30. Wed. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE ZEAL OF THY HOUSE.—A drama of spiritual significance in rhythmical prose and verse with full-blooded performances by Harcourt Williams, Marie Ney, Alan Napier: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—The colourful musical long-runner, with Muriel Angelus and Clifford Mollison, is back at its first home: Adelphi, 6.20 and 9.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIDE AND SEEK.—A musical with all the virtues and vices of its kind; Cicely Courtneidge, Bobby Howes, and an excellent chorus being of the former: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—The Crazy Gang is up to its old tricks in a number of rhapsodic or otherwise scenes: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high-life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

NINE SHARP.—Herbert Farjeon's intimate revue is witty and 85 per cent. bull's-eye hits, and the cast is headed by Hermione Baddeley and Cyril Ritchard: Little, 9 sharp. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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OPERETTE.—Noel Coward's newest has good music, lovely scenery, brilliant acting by Peggy Wood, Fritzi Massary, Irene Vanbrugh and Griffith Jones, but not such a hot plot: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 103.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

"The Zeal of Thy House"

Dorothy Sayers has adapted a Canterbury manuscript into a stirring drama of mediæval and modern ethics. Marie Ney plays the mistress of the cathedral's architect. At the Westminster

Mirth and Mystery

DEATH ON THE TABLE.—Hartley Power is ruthless as a gangster whose death on the table makes the plot; plenty of laughs and thrills: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—This old-timer is as fresh and funny as ever, with Rex Harrison and Gertrude Musgrove in the leads: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noel Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy with Patrick Curwan, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

I KILLED THE COUNT.—A new mixture of thriller and love-story, with a large, good cast: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MOONSHINE.—A confused Irish play whose brightest spots are Arthur Sinclair and Maire O'Neill: Ambassadors, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

PLAN FOR A HOSTESS.—Yvonne Arnaud is the hostess, with Ronald Squire as husband and Jacqueline Squire as daughter; pretty wit and slick twisting plot: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

First Nights

GHOST FOR SALE.—Ronald Jeans' comedy is about a haunted house, with more laughs than thrills, and A. E. Matthews: Whitehall, to-night, 6th.

MACBETH.—This play opens the Shakespeare Festival for 1938 at Stratford: Mon., 11th.

CINEMAS

BRINGING UP BABY (American).—Katharine Hepburn is good in crazy comedy, Cary Grant is excellent, the story is very funny: Gaumont.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO (British).—Elissa Landi and Robert Donat are in this revival: London Pavilion.

EXTASE (Czechoslovakian).—The only copy of this remarkable film in existence, a slow but striking exposition of the birth, life, and death of a passion: Rialto.

THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES (American).—Spectacular, musical, funny, stuffed with stars like Zorina, Menjou, the Ritz Brothers, this is money's-worth all right: Odeon.

HER JUNGLE LOVE (American).—Lovely, smooth Dorothy Lamour and handsome Ray Milland in a Hollywood "primitive" in technicolour: Plaza.

THE HURRICANE (American).—Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour in an exciting South Seas spectacle: Marble Arch Pavilion.

I'LL TAKE ROMANCE (American).—Grace Moore's newest musical vehicle: Regal.

IN OLD CHICAGO (American).—The great fire of 1871 magnificently caps the family story in this spectacular film: Tivoli.

MAD ABOUT MUSIC (American).—Herbert Marshall lends tone to Deanna Durbin's newest musical, as charming as the others: Leicester Square.

NINA PETROVNA (French).—Isa Miranda is the mistress of a Viennese baron (Aimé Clariond) but loves a penniless officer (Fernand Gravey); tragic fare: Curzon.

THE PURITAN (French).—This is a prize film with Pierre Fresnay, Vivianne Romance and Jean-Louis Barrault: Berkeley.

LE ROI S'AMUSE (French).—A piquant satire on monarchy and love and other things, with Victor Francen, Gaby Morlay, Elvire Popesco, Raimu: Academy.

SCARFACE (American).—Paul Muni and George Raft in a revival of the gangster clean-up thriller: Carlton.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (American).—Disney's full-length cartoon is packed with good things, as the saying is: New Gallery.

LA TENDRE ENNEMIE (French).—A sweet, sad tale, not unlike *Un Carnet de Bal*, about young love and the ghosts of old love: Studio One.

A YANK AT OXFORD (British).—Robert Taylor made this film over here, some of it even in Oxford, the result is a good, authentic 'Varsity yarn with Edmund Gwenn as a don: Empire.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

THE MASTERSINGERS.—To-night, 6th, 6.45.

LES RENDEZVOUS, LE ROI NU, HOROSCOPE.—Thurs., 7th, 8.30.

MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.—Fri., 8th, 8.

LE LAC DES CYGNES.—Sat., 9th, 2.30.

THE VALKYRIE.—Sat., 9th, 7.15.

LES SYLPHIDES, LE ROI NU, CHECKMATE.—Tues., 12th, 8.30.

MUSIC

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—Beecham conducts the L.P.O. in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* overture, Ireland's piano concerto (Clifford Curzon), Bliss's *Checkmate* suite, Strauss's "Heldenleben": Queen's Hall, Thurs., 7th, 8.15.

RICHARD TAUBER.—A Lieder recital in the Queen's Hall, Sun., 8th, 3.

SPORT

"BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES.—Sand Moor, to-day, 6th, till Fri., 8th.

AMATEUR BOXING ASSOCIATION CHAMPIONSHIPS.—To-night, 6th, Albert Hall.

BRITISH EMPIRE TROPHY MOTOR RACE.—Donington, Sat., 9th.

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London Nights: Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

The Dorchester

I WONDER if even Henry Sherek can account for the pendulum-swing of popularity in dance-team types? It seems but a season ago when enormous prices were being paid to international couples to waltz us into a state of dreamy aphasia, and do rhumbas and cariocas such as the best pupils of Miss Briggs' Dancing School could never hope to accomplish even in semblance themselves. But these we have crowned with wool and sent to

Roasting Wayne at the Dorchester

another city, and we, or the restaurants, are paying equally fabulous salaries to other couples to come and laugh their predecessors to scorn.

Take these Hartmans, for instance, lured over this side by much fine gold, and now deliciously guying every idiosyncrasy of the graceful acts which made us hold our breath last summer. Paul and Grace Hartman, one would have thought, will have made the pace so hot for serious terpsichoreans later that they won't be able to face the music. But you wait. But, while you 're waiting, don't, for the love of Pete, miss those Hartmans!

Around them is built a structure of talent of headline merit in its own right. The Percy Athos Girls, England's loveliest, who dance in for the first number in the (very) scanties of Zulu maidens to roast the daylights out of Naunton Wayne.

But he drools imperturbably once he is out of the melting-pot, and, if you 're lucky, he 'll tell you the fun he and Sherek have managing these shows. Back-stage revelations are always good "copy," and via Wayne they 're irresistible.

Twice nightly, at 10 and midnight, and you can sit through both if you like. You 're welcome.

Sturgeon needs no urgin' chez Prunier

Prunier's

IN this, the last month of the main run of oysters (though connoisseurs know that they can get very good oysters all through the summer at Prunier's), spring time is ringing changes inside those lovely menus that Madame has had so lovingly designed for her patrons.

Sturgeons are being caught at this minute in the estuary near Bordeaux, to appear Bordelaise or Paysanne in St. James's Street. Ditto shad, and Americans please note. However either is delivered to your plate, it will be good, but I recommend those delicate white shavings of cold, trussed sturgeon (Balik), with a glass of Barsac or Sancerre, after half a dozen oysters and before Brie and celery, for a quick, selfish lunch at the counter.

Frogs are in, of course, and crayfish and crawfish. Madame is looking forward to getting Morilles on her menu, and you should watch for the announcement, which means as much to the gustatorily-minded as, earlier, the almond means to the simple poet.

The Prunier asparagus is a soft dream, their Purée de Cresson a hungry delight to Cabinet Ministers and Officers of Health, and luscious strawberries have joined the cornucopious fruits in mid-mirror behind the bar.

Huge casks of still champagnes are coming into the cellars, escorted by Chablis and Sancerre Rosé, full of promise for the near future.

Two other items. There 's a small private room available now, at the end of the downstairs section. And Madame Prunier's *Fish Cookery Book* will soon be available, for wives who wish to keep their husbands at home.

Quinto's

"MONTE CARLO'S link with London. There is no music or cabaret. It is a restaurant for those who appreciate excellent food—perfectly cooked—'en paix.'" Yes—*advt.* Those are the words on the cover of a little leaflet you may find blushing concealed under a menu or wine-list, or even travel-folder for the South of France, in Mr. Victor's fine place in Arlington Street. And I see no reason not to award these words a bouquet for truth in advertising.

This little leaflet (I can't think why I took it away, because I know its welcome facts by now) goes on to tell you features so salient to those who know Quinto's that I may have been taking them blissfully for granted month after month. About the famous plat du jour at lunch (3/6), in which the hungry may find repletion, the gourmet ecstasy. About the wines en carafe, imported direct from Corsica or points north and west. About the vegetables, many of them "specials" flown daily from France on the morning of their gathering. About the 6/6 lunch and 8/6 dinner au choix, for patrons in a hurry for prompt theatres, or others safely willing to trust Victor's ideas of "balanced diet."

One thing the leaflet does not mention is that you ought to book your table in advance. Quinto's is coming into its own.

The New Clarges

THERE are so many ways of ordering your dinner. You can come in a certain mood, when only oysters, chicken and cheese will meet the case, and you can order without looking at the card. Or you can take "the dinner" with a few variations. Or you can ponder long and carefully over the right-hand side of

Dream-Salad Days at the New Clarges

the menu, trying to let the names conjure up bell-ringing anticipations, without having too colossal a bill on your hands at the end.

Or, in very special restaurants, you can give the manager a rough idea of your tastes and purse and leave the rest to him. I recommend that way occasionally at the New Clarges, because Binaco is a real wizard at interpreting your needs and going one better.

It was on such an occasion that, ladies being present, I asked weakly for "a nice salad," and Binaco produced what I think he said was a Far Eastern mixture, and named on the special menu "Salade à la Rêve." It went with such a swing (it *was* good) that before the savoury came we had extracted the recipe from him, and I give it here. Quarter-pint cream, dessertspoon of lemon juice, ditto sugar, dash of paprika, two sliced oranges, one ditto apple, two slices of pineapple, two sliced bananas. That 's probably the wrong order, because the cream comes over the top, as though it were a dish of May-time strawberries.

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I contend, though, that without the effort of leaving all the effort to Binaco, we should never have hit on this red-letter side-dish, which was, at that, only just the star-turn of a totally stellar meal. One more reminder that the cuisine of this delightful restaurant, though patronised by the quieter pages of the peerage and landed gentry, gathers no moss.

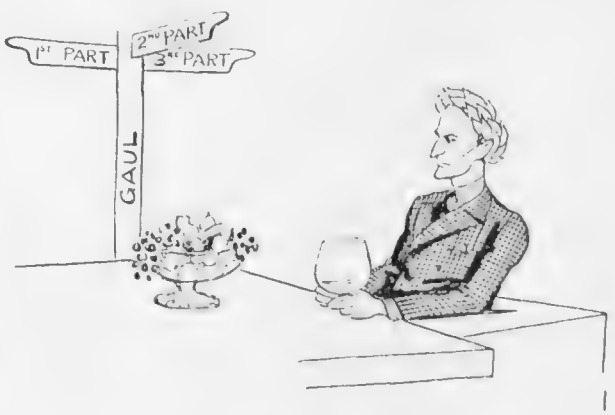
All that fuss over a salad? Yes, it was typical.

The Bon Viveur

I AM willing to concede Davico superior knowledge to my own, but I do sometimes wonder, as summer approaches, whether the nostalgic decorations of his little club don't often incline his patrons to cut and run to those paradise beaches and twinkling night-lights whose pictures only are evoked for them in Mayfair.

However, during their meal-times they know full well that they are better off in Davico's hands than ever they could be at Juan or Antibes. For his menu wanders south in its search for the good things of the earth, and his wine-list does not rouse the same pugnacious longing for free trade between England and the wine-lands as that of many restaurants with less to offer. I commend a study of Davico's prices, even by club standards.

The artist's illustration is based on fact. We were in the Bon Viveur the other night, and asked Davico for brandy to top a superb dinner (aquavit for the lady, and that lady knew her aquavits, and came back for more, and more). Our behest was relayed,



Julius Cæsar Brandy at the Bon Viveur

and amplified. "Julius Cæsar brandy for this table!", and it came, we saw, and were conquered.

The Bon Viveur is a charming place to sit and talk over cigars, large coffee cups, and deep glasses. To dance quietly, if that's your mood, on a floor no bigger than *that*, and to maintain, at little cost, that state of life which Cæsar himself may have known by the catch-phrase (wasn't it Cicero's?), "Otium cum dignitate."

Kempinski's

I WASN'T there, but I heard about it. Last Saturday night in the Tavern at Kempinski's, perhaps as a result of the more than usually beaming countenance of Mr. Gerhardt K., the news spread to those who had not already seen the announcement in *The Times* that an heir to all the Kempinskis had been born. There was much communal toasting of the absent hero and heroine, and the present hero, and George Castelly played topical ditties far into the early hours. Herewith, late but sincere, my own congratulations to Mr., Mrs., and Master Kempinski, and may the last take over a business as thriving as it is to-day.

Last month I talked about some of the main personalities of restaurant and Tavern, but didn't mention a very important individual who meets you at the door — Oakley Ireson: Fred to his multitudinous friends. You know Swallow Street as well as I do, and you know the exiguous width

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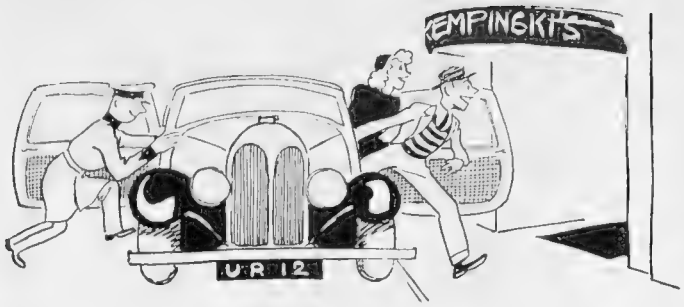

Leave your car to "Fred" at Kempinski's

of the road along its length. Well, when you drive up to Kempinski's in your own car, Fred 's your man. Leave your car in his care, tell him so, and send word out to him again when you want it after your meal. Fred will drive it away, park it secretly wherever the police are not being fussy at the time, and restore it on the dot. He can drive anything from a Rolls to a three-wheeler, having been in his time a motor-cycle dispatch-rider and in the Tank Corps. None of Fred's clients has ever been summonsed.

Other news. Castelly and Marjorie Dale have been on the air together, and Felix, head-waiter of the Tavern, was singing with the best of them last Saturday.

The New Queen's

With four good films on at four good cinemas, each within a niblick shot of the New Queen's, it is small wonder that the Bierkeller is full to the rafters every night by 11.30. Some of its denizens even at that late hour are dining late and pleasurably after long hours' overtime at the office, and this evening, half an hour before I started writing this, which made it dashed nearly midnight, at the next table to us was a solitary mixed-grill enthusiast in riding boots and breeches. I couldn't work out even a theory for his garb, but I 've no doubt he had his code.

But through from theatre dinners to late savouries and steins, this is a place where you can stretch weary legs and smoke that pipe without wondering whether the management will come along and ask you to put them away.

The pipe attitude applies equally to lunch-time, and the New Queen's is smart enough to make this note worth making; though at lunch-time there is more Turkish cigarette smoke than pipe or even Players, because women have more or less made a corner of the Bierkeller for their light lunches and talkative salad-and-coffees

Scandinavian delicacies at the New Queen's

before the matinée. Their judgment is shrewd enough, too, because their wants are taken care of *before* they arrive, and they come knowing that they will be amongst the majority when they order these Scandinavian smorrebrods and piping vegetable entrées.

Withal, the band plays dreamily for both meals and far into the night, and—oh, well, *surely* you 've been there by this time?

Hatchett's

Talking of tobacco, and with no inducement from the manufacturers, I would say that in their ruminative moments a larger proportion of the masculine patrons of Hatchett's smoke Barney's than of any other place in London. I can't for the life of me substantiate that assertion, except by saying that if those charming types of Empire-builders that one sees smoking this brand

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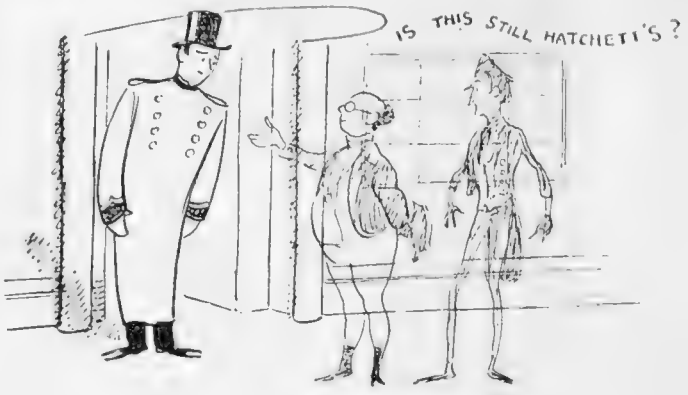
in the advertisements do so also in real life, then these are your Hatchett's men. Men with far-distant eyes and tanned complexions, men in check worsted suits and suède shoes, with a Bentley for their leave and a thorough knowledge after the first fortnight of all the shows in London.

No, I am not getting all these atmospherics out of the single



Pickwick and Jingle return to an old haunt

visitors' book in the bar, nor from the memory of Bulldog Drummond's literary boost of those hospitable stairs. I 've been taken to Hatchett's time and again by returned exiles, and I 've been on my own often enough to envy them their long leaves and admire the girls whom they are so successfully impressing in the coolest rendezvous in Piccadilly.

It is a noble and heartening thought that since the days of Mr. Pickwick this house has been providing the best in food and wine to gentlemen of the quality. And at this moment I doubt if there is a much more stupendous wine-list than Hatchett's, or better value than their gargantuan meals.

The Austria

IN the hub of Empire (ours), overlooking Piccadilly from the more permanent side, this section of the Austria we had come to delight in is safe from change and sudden re-orientation. Here you may still find the chanting, cheer, and, in the horrible phrase of an Oxford generation not long past, "chip and chummery" that lured true-blue Conservatives across the Channel and half Europe for their holidays and their wives. If masculine green hats and self-conscious vacation shorts loom less in London and country pleasaunces respectively, it will be no bad thing; but if the food and wines of Austria and its real hospitality depart from the land, and especially from the purlieus of Eros, it will be a very bad thing indeed.

But it won't, as it mustn't. And it isn't. The Austria Restaurant and the Salzburg Grill have come to stay where they are most wanted, and the music goes round and around. Bruno will greet you, and escort you to your table in the restaurant. You will dance fox-trots, rhumbas, and waltzes, English and Viennese to Arthur May and his hilarious band.

And, for a season, Lona Cross, dressed to match, will be singing for your dinner and supper, English and Tyrolean songs. She is a

Provoking Miss at the Austria

girl of strong personality, as those males of you will find who are seated in the inner ring on the dance floor. But don't be embarrassed if she seems to sing too pertinently to you alone. She will shift her attention to someone else in a minute, and then you 'll wish she hadn't.

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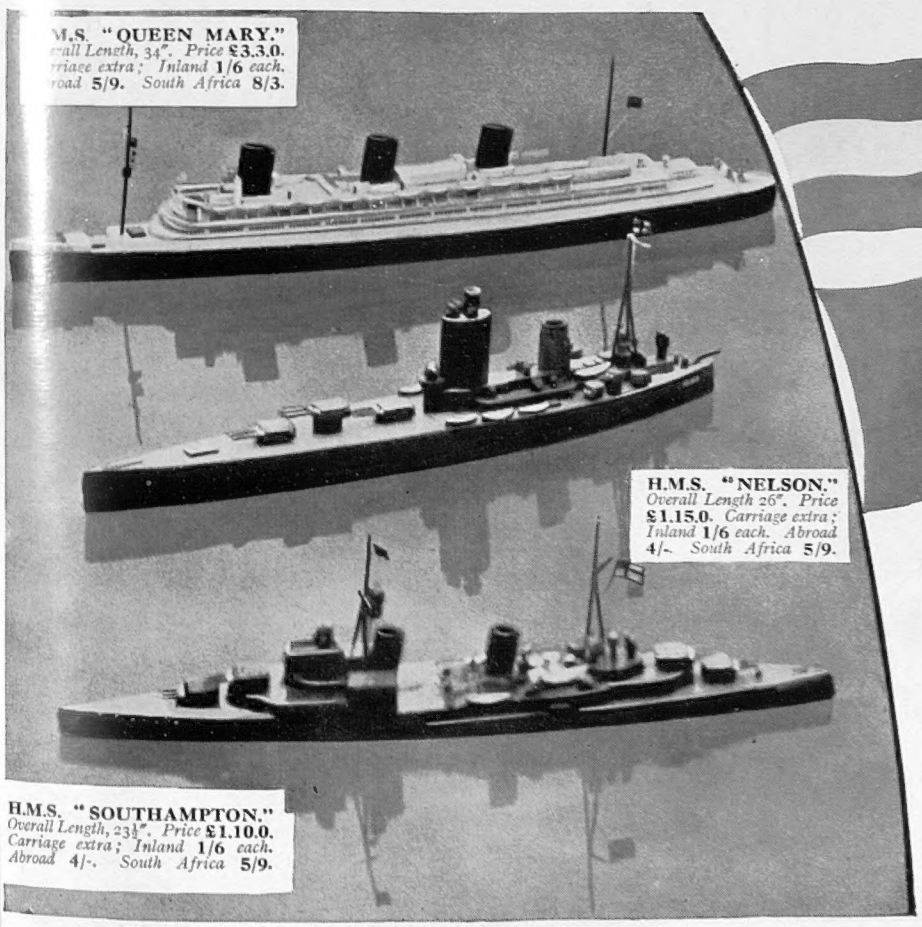

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where orders with remittance should be sent.

There are plenty of nabobs
Who flutter in stray bobs
And others in Lakhs of rupees.

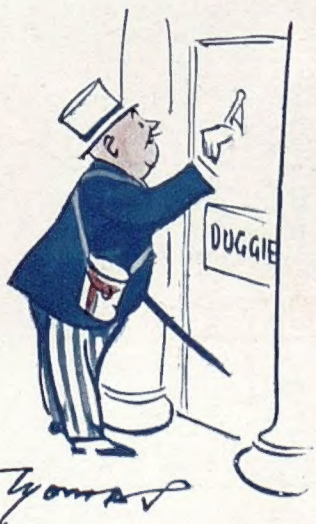
There are backers in squads
Who want terrible odds
At which ordin'ry bookies would sneeze.
They all come to **DUGGIE** the Lad with No Limit:
He's quite used to clients like these.

Why, thirty years back
When they rode on a hack,
In hansom or trap to the races,
Papa and his cronies
They all bet in 'ponies'
With whiskers all over their faces.
They still come to **DUGGIE**, the Lad with No Limit
For doubles and winners
and places.

A wire from the course
With the name of the horse
Till the start of the race you can send . . .
So just come to **DUGGIE**,
The Lad with No Limit
On whom you can always depend.

TRY Duggie -the Lad with NO limit

. . . he's waiting to open a Credit Account with you.



DOUGLAS STUART : STUART HOUSE : SHAFTESBURY AVE : LONDON, W.C.2